

Keep Quiet

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Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF, Minecraft (Video Game)
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream & GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot , Dave Technoblade , Darryl Noveschosch , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , Philza
Additional Tags:	More characters to be added , Alternate Universe , Alternate Universe - College/University , Mafia AU , Planned Crimes , basically sapnap and dream are kinda bad guys , george just wanted to go home and sleep man , Pining , Mutual Pining , Fluff , Fluff and Humor , George can code , I know the tags suck but idk where this is going yet , Other Additional Tags to Be Added , Slow Burn , no beta we die like tommy did to drista , Angst , Fluff and Angst , Jealous Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , random oc that isnt very important , Kissing , Mild Smut , Mild Sexual Content , Dialogue Heavy , gogy is angry , crime yay , Mild Blood
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by [Ackeshi](#)

Summary

“What are you gonna do, mug me?” George said with a slight laugh, attempting to come off as friendly. When the blond man didn't respond but instead stared into his eyes and continued to back him down the alley, he began to panic. This shouldn't be happening, he thought. The other man shoved the phone in his other hand into his pocket before shifting it to rest firmly but not painfully on the smaller's shoulder. The brunette doubted he could get away, the blond was not just taller but definitely stronger.

Just as George opened his mouth to shout to the direction of the street, a hand that belonged to an unknown figure behind him slapped over his lips, muffling any noise he might attempt to make. And now he really started to panic.

Basically, Dream and Sapnap are part of little criminal bad guy group and they need someone (George) to hack for them. Eventually George and Dream will like each other and fall in love etc.

Notes

welcome my friends.

so just a few things i feel obligated to say. number one, i watched a three minute youtube video on what the mafia is and i still don't get it so uh keep that in mind. EDIT: LMAO
LOOKING BACK THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE MAFIA AT ALL BUT IM KEEPING THE TAG OKAY? OKAY.

number two be patient with me! I may take some time to update and for chapters to come out. I just feel like I may not be super motivated or have the time with school and other activities but I will try my very best, i promise!

number three.... our favorite disclaimer! I don't ship them in real life, just their online personas, alrighty?

okay, that should do it! please enjoy :)

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“What the fuck!” George whisper-yelled, slamming his laptop closed with just shy of enough force to shatter the screen. A few confused heads turned in his direction before redirecting their attention back to their own tasks at hand. The brunet mentally kicked himself for the small outburst as he leaned over the side of his chair to pick up his blue backpack. He quickly snatched his laptop off of one of the many desks in the library and shoved it into his bag, repeating the action for a few of his notebooks and pencils. He let out a huff under his breath as he moved to stand up and quietly tucked the chair back under the desk, attempting to not cause any further commotion. George made a beeline for the doors, walking as fast as humanly possible without drawing too much attention to himself. Once he made it far enough into the large hallway, away from the quiet room, he let out a breath he didn't know he was holding in.

“Fucking shit, what the hell. I don't understand!” the brit shouted, his head pointed up to the ceiling with both of his hands hiding his face. None of the nearby fellow college students seemed too bothered, probably all relating to his actions on some level. He slowly let his hands slide down from his face as he continued to stare up at the off-white ceiling. He slowly exhaled before lowering his head and staring straight down the hallway. “I should have never signed up for coding.” he mumbled as he made his way down the hallway. After a couple turns he managed to find the staircase leading to the exit of the large university building. It's not like George was bad at coding, far from it actually. He just hadn't predicted how difficult some of the more upper level classes would be. It would just take some memorization and practice.

After pushing open the large glass doors, he took in a deep breath and looked up at the darkening sky. It smelled like a storm. He'll just hurry up and get home to his shared apartment before it starts to rain and then do his homework. The last part was a lie, and he knew it. George would most likely end up ordering takeout with his roommate, Bad, and then pass out on his bed next to his cat. “Whatever,” he mumbled before making his way to the gates of the courtyard.. His apartment building was a very popular spot for the college students who didn't want to dorm directly on campus, explaining why he was followed by many other young adults. He recognized a few faces from around the school, but never knew their names. Not that he cared anyway. His apartment was only about a five minute walk, but when you really want to get home and do absolutely *nothing* for the rest of the day it seems like an hour away.

About half way to his destination, George noticed a new man fall into sync next to him. He wore what looked like a yellow hoodie and black sweats. Trying not to make his staring obvious, the brunet took note of the way his blond hair bounced a bit under his hood and how he definitely had a couple inches of height compared to himself. The taller looked younger than himself but that didn't stop him from moving with some sort of confidence as he stared down at his phone. The blond walked a couple feet away from him, which wasn't close enough for it to be weird or anything but he could at least fall a couple paces behind George just to avoid any awkwardness. The brit followed the crowd of students as they rounded a corner, getting closer to the apartment complex. He really just wanted to go home and rest. Unfortunately not everything goes the way we hope.

The blond that had been quiet up until now suddenly let out a curse while furrowing his eyebrows, still looking at his phone. George decided to ignore the younger, whatever was wrong wasn't his problem, right?

Apparently not.

The man to his right tapped him on his shoulder. The brunet internally groaned before plastering a fake smile on his face and looking back at him. The first thing George noticed when he turned to see him was how attractive he was. Light freckles dusted the skin beneath his eyes which were a similar color to his sweatshirt. He let his eyes drop down past his nose to his lips which mesmerized him as he spoke. Wait what? The brit snapped back into reality and realized he hadn't heard a thing the blond said, only catching the end of his sentence.

"-elp me?" The taller said, staring down with a searing gaze.

"Uh sure?" He responded, not knowing exactly what he just agreed to.

"Thank you!" The other said, eyes lighting up. "My phone hasn't been able to connect in this damn storm lately," he said, raising his arm and placing his hand flat against George's chest. He gave him a light shove, signaling for him to move backwards. The brunet took a few backwards steps, finding himself entering an alley. "Just need to call someone." the blond mumbled.

"Why can't you just use my phone out there?" George said, beginning to become wary. "The signal will be better out there anyway than down a shady alley."

"Too many people," the taller said, voice dropping.

"What are you gonna do, mug me?" He said with a slight laugh, attempting to come off as friendly. When the blond didn't respond but instead stared into his eyes and continued to back him down the alley, he began to panic. *This shouldn't be happening*, he thought. The other man shoved the phone in his other hand into his pocket before shifting it to rest firmly but not painfully on George's shoulder. The brunet doubted he could get away, the blond was not just taller but definitely stronger, however that didn't stop him from trying. He threw his arms out in an attempt to shove the offender away, however the other didn't seem bothered. After a couple useless punches he quickly recalled what he should do in this situation. Was this an appropriate time to scream? Probably.

Just as George opened his mouth to shout to the direction of the street, a hand that belonged to an unknown figure behind him slapped over his lips, muffling any noise he might attempt to make. And now he really started to panic. Another arm was wrapped around his stomach and pulled his back flush against the person behind him. The brit continued to struggle and thrash his arms until the blond moved both his hands to hold George's arms still. Praying that the person behind him wasn't as strong as the taller man in front of him, he lifted his legs off the ground, hoping to be dropped. Instead he barely moved an inch. *How strong are these guys?*

"Dude listen, we aren't gonna hurt you we genuinely need your help. The only reason we have to fucking restrain you like this is because your gonna run." The blond explained. Of course George was gonna run, who wouldn't? "Listen if you don't scream-" The brunet decided to have none of it. He shifted his left leg back to touch the ground and retracted his right one before kicking at the man in front of him. Finally some sort of luck was on his side, for even in the limited light he was able to strike right where he wanted. The blond immediately retracted his hands from George and shifted them to cover his dick. "Ow, what the fuck!" he exclaimed, taking a few steps backward until his back hit the wall opposite of the brunet. He slowly sank down into a sitting position, still attempting to recover.

George wasn't sure what he was expecting to happen next, but the person behind him, which he now clearly identify as a man, began laughing. That was not one of the top five things he would have expected. This reaction confused the brit even more than the whole situation put together. He attempted to turn his head to get a look at the person behind him, however all he could see were his

shaking shoulders from the laughing fit he was still going through.

“Shut up Sapnap!” The blond said, now moving his hands to the concrete floor to push himself back onto his feet. He took a few paces forward and lifted out his arm to grab hold of the hand that covered George's mouth. Understanding, 'Sapnap' removed his hand. The brit took a few deep breaths before looking back up at man in front of him. “Hello, I'm Dream,” he said in too light of a tone for George's liking, especially after the not so pleasing events that just took place. “Oh, and that's Sapnap,” he added, nodding his head to the man that was still hidden from the brunet's view. “We really just need to ask you a few th-”

“What the hell is wrong with you?!” George yelled, confused, angry, and still worried all at once.

“Hey, pipe down. I really don't want to make Sap cover your pretty mouth again if we don't need too.”

“What? You didn't answer my question! Who do you think you are pulling this shit on some random college student?” The shortest responded, making sure to lower his voice.

“Oh thank God, he is in college.” The man behind George said, speaking for the first time. It was then that the brunet noticed the two men both had American accents.

“I told you it was him!” Dream said, pinching the bridge of his nose while he looked up at the darkening sky. “George, listen-”

“How do you know my name?” The brunet quickly interrupted. “And how dare you say it as if you know me,” he added, crossing his arms against his chest. He suddenly realized that the grip the man behind him had across his stomach had vanished. *I can run*, he thought, however something about the pair made him stay. He was intrigued by what they knew. George knew he should run, he really did, but they talked as if they knew him, as if they were friends. They could definitely hurt him if they wanted to, but something told him they *wouldn't*.

“Let us explain, please. Sapnap, come here.” The blond said, motioning for the requested to come to his side.

The man behind George finally took a few steps from behind him, however he froze to look back at the brunet. The brit could finally make out some of his features, though it was difficult in the dim lighting. He looked as if he had slightly darker skin than Dream, however it was hard to tell due to the long sleeved shirt he wore. George shifted his gaze upwards and noticed his unusually dark eyes which complimented his black hair. He was able to make out the white band the man wore around his head, however it didn't help much for his hair fell loosely over his eyes. The raven haired man was taller than himself, but not by much.

“Don't worry, I don't think he will go anywhere.” the blond said, noticing his friend's concern. “And if he does decided to run he wouldn't make it very far.” If Dream hadn't said the phrase with a laugh, it would most likely have made George shiver. Sapnap took his place in front of George while the taller continued. “We need your help. You know how to code, right?” The brunet nodded hesitantly in response, not caring to question how they knew this information. “Do you think you could, I don't know, see information and files that a normal person isn't allowed to see?”

The raven snorted at his friend's description. “Really? That's how you decided to word it?” He shook his head before looking at George. “We need you to hack into something, is that something you can do?”

George stared blankly for a moment before answering. “Uhm, that *is* something I can do... but is

whatever your doing, like, illegal?"

"Well I mean, hacking government information isn't necessarily something that is looked up upon." The tallest said, earning himself a slap on the shoulder from Sapnap.

"Then why would I want to do that? I wouldn't want to get in to trouble."

The tanned boy sighed. "Listen," he said, "if you agree to this, we will pay you." George quirked an eyebrow, which he wasn't sure was visible to the other, but it prompted Sapnap to continue. "A lot of money."

George, no, He told himself. This is absolutely awful he should not be doing this. No, no. Don't do it. "Okay, I'll do it." He could see the edges of Dream's mouth curve into a smile.

"Thank goodness. I was so scared you would say no. You have no idea what we would have to do to you if you had said no after hearing that info," Sapnap said.

"Oh don't scare him like that!" The blond responded, throwing his head in the brunet's direction. "Don't worry, I wouldn't have let him hurt you, which I doubt he would" Dream closed the gap in between him and George and threw his arm over the smaller's shoulder. "Trust me, he's putting on an act right now. He *rarely* hurts anyone. We leave that up to Will."

George really didn't know what he just agreed to. It was probably a huge mistake, wasn't it?

Chapter End Notes

hellllooooo! i hope you guys liked the first chapter! i am pretty fucking tired while im uploading this so i apologize for any errors. i am way too lazy to proof read and just wanna sleep :')

anyways, thank you so much for reading!!! <3

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

did i write this instead of doing french homework? maybe. should i have done that? no. do i regret it? no, not /yet/.

uhhh so if it wasn't already clear (which I dont think it was lmao) this takes place in england somewhere. with that being said, I am from america so i dont know shit :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“They're really nice people, I'm sure you'll love them.” Dream said as he walked up a few steps in front of an apartment building. George had recalled seeing this building a few times, but never paid much attention to it. I mean why would you? It looked like every other flat in the UK. The white brick building was three stories high with a large black door at the bottom and sad looking windows along the front that faced the street.

Sapnap followed the blond up the steps while rummaging through the right pocket of his sweatpants. A jingling noise of metal was heard before the raven haired boy retracted his hand along with an almost full key chain. Dream seemed to be occupied looking through the small windows next to the door while Sapnap searched for the appropriate key. The tallest wheezed as it took the tanned boy multiple tries to find the correct one. The door finally unlocked and let out a creak as it slowly opened. The shorter of the two friends entered and disappeared around the corner and the blond was about to follow if it weren't for George's hesitant look.

“What's wrong?” Dream asked as if this whole situation was *normal*... though it probably was to him. George blinked with an astonished look before opening his mouth to voice his concerns.

“I'm really starting to think I shouldn't have agreed to this,” the brit said, fumbling nervously with his fingers. “I'm not sure I should trust you guys... actually no. I know I shouldn't.”

“George, think of me as a friend, alright? I'm not a stranger.”

“You are, actually,” George hissed. “I just met you for the first time 45 minutes ago and you backed me down a fucking alley where your friend was waiting to cover my mouth. That's not the best first impression in my opinion.”

“Oh but Georgie, you didn't run even when you had the chance. Plus you agreed to this, seems like you aren't that scared,” Dream said with a smirk.

“I need money, and you even said I wouldn't have gotten far if I did run,” the shorter sighed as he entered the doorway. “Also, don't call me that.” Dream only hummed from behind him.

As soon as George's eyes adjusted to the light he took a look around. The door to the flat opens into the relatively large kitchen. To the left of the door was a staircase that went down to what he assumed was a basement, and one that went up right next to it. The brunet took a few steps further into the room and couldn't help but notice the empty plastic bottles and dirty dishes that still sat near the sink unattended to. George wasn't a clean freak, but it definitely bothered him that no one took a few steps to the corner of the room to throw away the bottles. The sound of a door closing

behind him made the brit jump.

“You can go through there if you want to sit down,” Dream said as he came to stand next to the smaller. George followed the other's outstretched arm to the open doorway in the far corner of the kitchen. He walked to the entrance and poked his head into the room before actually entering as if he were waiting for someone to jump him. Once he deemed the room empty, he made his way over the chair that sat in the corner facing two couches and a large TV. Instead of taking a seat on the couch, the blond leaned against the door frame as he studied the smaller. “What do you think of the place?”

“Uh, its nice I guess?” George answered, a bit confused. “It's not what I expected it to look like,” he added as his eyes scanned his surroundings.

“What did you think it was gonna be?”

“I'm not sure, I just didn't expect it to be this nice looking I guess. Its inviting,” he admitted.

“Pff, I bet you expected some crappy, run down and dark place out of a movie,” Dream said with a chuckle. George only rolled his eyes. “Listen, I'm gonna go get Wilbur, okay? He's quite nice, and he's also British so you two should get along.”

“What's that supposed to mean?” The brunet asked flatly.

“Nothing. I don't think Techno will come out of his room right now, so you shouldn't have to worry about him. He comes across as a dick sometimes. He's got a monotone voice too, but that's just how he is,” Dream said. “He also has pink-ish colored hair. Kind of contradicting, don't you think? Okay stay here,” he said, pushing off of the door frame and turning back into the kitchen.

George suddenly felt very alone. He nervously tugged at the collar of his white shirt, waiting for the taller to return with 'Wilbur'. Even though he didn't trust Dream or Sapnap, he had to admit their presence would have been greatly appreciated in this moment. At least he could have some weird ass conversation instead of staring awkwardly around the room. For whatever reason, his brain told him not to take out his phone for the time being. After a minute or two of silence, George heard the sound of shuffling coming from the stairs in the kitchen. A few moments later Dream reappeared with the man the brunet assumed was Wilbur.

The man wore a yellow sweatshirt and black jeans. A black colored beanie sat atop of his head, however that didn't stop his brown hair from falling over his face. George didn't know how tall Dream or Wilbur were, but they both had to be above 6'1, making him feel pretty short. Suddenly he didn't know what he should do. Does he have to stand and shake his hand or some shit? *Is it rude to just sit here?* He thought before deciding he should at least stand. The taller brunet, however, noticed before he go very far.

“Don't worry, this isn't formal or anything. We are all friends here,” Wilbur said as he made his way to sit on one of the couches. George found his deep British accent somewhat comforting.

“Oh, alright,” he responded, sitting back down quickly. Dream followed after the tall brit and sat down on the couch next to him, both staring directly at the smallest. George couldn't help but nervously bounce his leg. They seemed nice but that didn't change the fact that they looked intimating – not to mention that they were literally criminals to some unknown extent.

“Well, I'm Wilbur, as you probably know by now. Nice to meet you, George.” The tallest said with a smile. “I've heard a lot about you.” George opened his mouth to respond but couldn't form any words in time before Wilbur continued. “Dream would not stop talking about you.” Said man wore

an embarrassed expression as he looked over to the brit next to him. “It was nonstop, really. Every time we sat down he would go on and on about you.”

“Well I’m sorry for being excited that I *finally* found someone who can code for our specific needs,” Dream spat.

“Oh I’m sure you were,” Wilbur said, rolling his eyes before continuing. “Anyways I’m pretty sure you’re aware that we need you to do something that isn’t exactly legal. We are trying to...” the brunet squinted his eyes as if he wasn’t sure what to say next. “Trying to *obtain* money from a bank-”

“Your gonna rob a bank, and you need my help for that? Shouldn’t you guys know how to do this shit,” George said.

“We know what we are doing, we have done this before, however this is a larger bank. More money, so in return more security. Frankly, we don’t even know where exactly the money is. Its not like they are just gonna post blueprints of the entire building for everyone to see,” Wilbur said while moving his arms to further prove his point. “They have security cameras there, so there is bound to one where ever they keep the money.”

And now George understood exactly what he got himself into. “So my job is to get into the cameras and find the place they keep the money?”

“Exactly. Sure, we could just go in and threaten them into taking us there, but I’m sure by then the police would have arrived and security guards would have been notified. We would like to go and blend in for as long as possible. None of us here understand code, hence why we have been sticking to smaller banks and businesses. Is that something you can do for us?” Wilbur asked.

Technically, George had already agreed about an hour ago, but maybe now wasn’t too late? Everything seemed to finally catch up to him; especially the severity of what he was about to do. “Yes, I can do that.”

“Alright, and *will* you do that for us?”

George took more time to answer that question. It’s now or never. Surely he can refuse now, right? “Sure.” Both Dream and Wilbur let out a sigh of relief before sharing a smile.

“Wonderful!” Will exclaimed. “Now of course you will get a large share of the money, and immediately after everything goes as planned you can return to your normal life. However, I’m sure you could have guessed you cannot say a word to anyone?”

“Yes, don’t worry.” George responded. He couldn’t help but smile after their reactions. Even though they were relatively bad guys, they seemed like a group of teenage boys in high school. “Your just gonna let me go though? What if I decided to snitch on you guys?” He asked. Its not like he would, but he was still a bit curious.

“You would have to be an idiot to snitch on us.” The tallest said blankly. George assumed he didn’t want to know what would happen so he let it go. “Now I’m gonna go talk to Techno so that we can finally make some real plans. Dream will show you to your room,” he said, motioning to the blond before getting up to exit the room.

“Wait what?” The smallest said, a mix of emotions running through his brain.

“Oh maybe Sap and Dream didn’t mention that,” Wilbur said, voice slightly muffled from the other side of the apartment. “You’ll be staying with us for now until you finish your job.”

Chapter End Notes

hopefully you all enjoyed <3 keep in mind im balancing writing with homework and other activities so updates may take some time!

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

uh totally not me realizing that ive been using the female version of brunet (brunette) instead of the male version. It should be fixed across all three chapters now lmao

anyways enjoyyyyy <3

George stared at the exit of the living room where Wilbur had just left. *I have to stay here?* After looking blankly at the doorway, the brunet quickly snapped his head to the blond that was seated directly across him on the couch. The smaller stood up and took a few paces to reach the other who threw his hands up defensively, realizing he was in trouble.

“George, wait!” Dream said, only half serious as he wheezed like a tea kettle. George paused his movements and looked down at him, waiting for his excuse. “I didn’t tell you because one, I honestly forgot until we arrived at the flat, and two, I didn’t want to scare you off,” the taller said, peeking through his arms that still blocked his face. George met his gaze with a more annoyed and amused look than an angry one which relieved the blond.

“How could you forget that extremely important detail!” The shorter said while running a hand through his hair. “That would have been nice to know when you first came to me, Dream.”

“I know, I know, I’m sorry,” he mumbled, removing his hands from his still-smiling face. Seeing an opportunity, George quickly grabbed one of the pillows that sat on the couch and swung it against the American’s head as hard as he could. The action sent the other into a laughing fit once more. Once he gained control over his voice, Dream crafted an offended look onto his face. “Ow, how could you,” he said jokingly while grabbing at his head. “Someone, send help!”

George dropped the pillow back onto the couch where it was found and took a step back from Dream, enough for him to stand up. “That was a dumbass move, you deserved it.”

“Fine,” he responded, rubbing the back of his neck while making his way to the kitchen. George followed behind as they went up the stairs. Once they reached the second floor, the brunet realized that the apartment was a lot bigger than it looked. The second floor was a hallway with four doors – two on each side – and at the end was another staircase leading to the third floor. “This floor and the upper floor have three rooms and a bathroom.” Dream said. “You’ll be staying on this floor with me and Sap. This is his room,” he mentioned while gesturing to the first door on the right before reaching for the door directly across it. “Here is the bathroom.”

He made his way down the hallway and opened the door to the right. “This one is my room. It’s kinda messy right now but I guess it doesn’t matter too much,” he said, stepping to the side so George could look in. It was pretty simple. A bed pushed up against the corner with a nightstand next to it. Across from the bed was a desk with a computer, and on the far side of the room there was a closet. There were a few clothes spread across the floor but it wasn’t as messy as the brit expected. There was also a yellow colored backpack that sat at the edge of his bed. Suddenly George remembered that he had his backpack on when they first met and now it wasn’t with him.

Dream registered the panic on the shorter’s face when his eyes landed on the bag and took a guess.

“Your backpack is in your room,” he said pointing to the door across from his. “Sapnap took it off of you when we were in the alley.” George didn’t remember any of that happening but he didn’t necessarily care. All that mattered was the fact that he still had his laptop and notes. The brunet opened the door and found his blue bag on top of the bed. His room was set up the same as Dream’s, minus the clothes and computer. “I know you don’t have clothes right now but we can buy you some tomorrow,” the blond suggested.

“No,” George mumbled, shifting his gaze from the unfamiliar room up to the taller’s face. “I’ll go back and get my clothes tonight.”

“Well technically the only two places you are supposed to be is here and school so-”

“You can’t just expect me to move in with nothing,” he said with a roll of his eyes. “My roommate would have a heart attack if I decided to not show up for a few weeks. Plus I’ve got a cat that I need him to take care of.” Dream nodded slowly as the brit continued. “I’m gonna go back and pack a few things and make sure that Bad doesn’t call the fucking police to come find me. I’m sure that would cause some problems for you.”

“Yeah that’s true. Want me to come with you? I have a car.”

“No it’s alright. I would rather not have to explain who you are,” he snorted. He made his way back to where he came from, Dream following at his heals. Once he got to the bottom of the steps, he looked back to meet yellow eyes. “Uhm, I’m gonna go now,” George mumbled, not exactly sure what he should say. “I’m pretty familiar with this area and my apartment isn’t too far. It should only be an hour or two.” The taller nodded before opening the door for George who stepped out, walked a few steps, and then turned back around. “Bye I guess?” he laughed awkwardly.

“Bye Georgie, be safe,” Dream snickered. The brit flinched at the nickname before whipping back around to hide his reddening face.

“I told you not to call me that,” he groaned as he reached into his pocket to grab his phone. He heard the blond’s giddy laugh and then the slamming of the heavy apartment door. It was about a ten minute walk from his *new* apartment to his old one. Though it wasn’t very long, George was grateful to finally have some time to clear his head, as well as mentally prepare for everything ahead.

“What do you mean? You’re just gonna leave for a few weeks?” Bad said, standing in the doorway of George’s room and watching him pull clothes from his drawers.

“I know it’s sudden, but something came up with my family,” the brit said, internally cringing. George lied a lot, but almost never to his roommate, who also happened to be his best friend. Bad was the sweetest person George knew. He never did anything bad intentionally, and he has always been there for him – reinforcing the guilt he felt while lying to him. He silently prayed a thank you that their university schedules almost never lined up. He made a mental note to himself to take the long way around campus to avoid accidentally running into him.

“Oh,” is all Bad responded with. George quickly shoved the last of his clothes and other items into his medium sized suitcase before moving to stand up and look at his friend.

“I’m sorry, Bad,” he said, hoping he wasn’t too hurt.

“No, it’s alright! It’s not your fault. It will just be a bit lonely.” George took a few steps over to him

and embraced him into a hug. “Hopefully whatever happened will turn out okay.”

“Don’t worry about it too much. I know it will be a bit lonely, but you have the cat. And you can text me, though I might not respond right away,” the brunet said, pulling away to look at Bad. “I’ll send you a text tonight about how much food he gets,” he said, leaning down to scratch the cat behind the ears. He had been following his every move ever since the brunet started packing. George grabbed his suitcase and rolled it at his heals as he moved to the door of the apartment. “I expect cat pictures everyday,” he said, eliciting a laugh from the other.

“I will send ten a day,” Bad chuckled. George wouldn’t be surprised if he received twenty.

He made his way down the small pathway in front of the building and threw his head up to the sky. It had gotten significantly darker than earlier. Not just because of the time, but the growing clouds. It looked like it might rain sooner than his weather app said. The stupid thing was never right anyway. Maybe he should have had Dream drive him. As long as he hurried it shouldn’t be an issue.

George quickly realized that he was wrong. Not even three minutes into his walk it began raining. Like *really* raining. He instantly regretted his outfit choice of a simple short sleeved shirt and black pants. After roughly six minutes of running, almost slipping multiple times, and the string of curses the brunet let out as a result, he made it to the apartment. He shuffled under the small overhang above the door to protect himself from the rain. He knocked at the door a couple times and almost instantly heard a response.

“I’ll get it!” Sapnap and Dream yelled simultaneously. Even through the pouring rain, George could make out the sound of thumping coming from the stairs. A clicking noise was heard from the door, indicated someone had unlocked it, and then it was abruptly swung open. Both men stood, panting as if they had just run a marathon. The blond was leaned over with a hand on his knee to steady himself. After they both caught there breath, Sapnap spoke up.

“George,” the raven said with a serious look on his face which made the brunet a bit uneasy. *Did I do something wrong?* He just met them today, there’s no way he already screwed up. “What do you like on your pizza?”

Dream righted himself to finally look at George who let out a sigh. “Oh my God don’t look so serious, I thought I was in trouble,” the shortest said, letting a smile form on his lips. “Uh, pretty simple I guess. Just pepperoni.”

“Yes!” Sapnap yelled while punching the air. “I told you! I told you!”

“Dammit!” Dream exclaimed.

“Hand it over, Dream,” he taunted while the blond fished out a handful of cash and shoved it to the other.

“Go order the fucking pizza,” he said, rolling his eyes as Sapnap pranced away. Dream then turned his attention back to the brunet who still stood outside the doorway. The taller chuckled when he saw the half-soaked, miserable looking George in front of him. “I bet you wished I had driven you, don’t you?”

“Oh shut up,” the smaller crowed. “I don’t want to drag water into the apartment, so could you grab me a towel or something?”

“I don’t know if I want to,” Dream said, raising an eyebrow as he looked down from George’s face.

“I quite like this look on you,” he said, tracing his eyes over the brit's torso.

Realizing his white shirt was practically see-through at this point, the brunet whipped his head to the side, avoiding eye contact. He crossed his arms over his chest in an attempt to cover *something*. They were all guys, so it really shouldn't matter, however that didn't stop George from becoming flustered.

“Dream, if you don't get me a towel I will make a mess of the house that you will be cleaning up,” he said, still refusing to look at the taller.

“Okay, okay,” the American wheezed before running off to the stairs.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

guys i'm not sure exactly how george's color blindness works so bare with me

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George sat at his desk, eyebrows furrowed as he concentrated on the laptop screen in front of him. Occasionally he would move his attention down to the notebook next to the device to scribble a few notes before looking back up. Coding was fun and all, however homework never was. The brunet would gladly spend hours working on his own coding project rather than a mandatory one for school. Things are always more fun when you get to do them your way. He had been working for about two hours so far, however he could have already been done if it wasn't for a certain *distraction*.

“You almost done?”

“Oh my God,” George sighed, leaning backwards until his back met the chair. He spun around to face the literal man-child on his bed. He laid on his stomach, facing the brit. His head was propped up on his arm and the damn goofy smile he always wore was spread across his face. George swears Dream is the luckiest person alive. The brit found it impossible to get mad at him, for multiple reasons. The first being he was actually a pretty nice person, even if he was somewhat of a criminal. He had a good personality and always made him laugh. Second, he got George whatever he wanted. Literally. All he had to do was ask, and Dream was on it. He even went as far as to get food from a cafe over an hour away at 9pm because the smaller said he was craving it. George had genuinely thought the blond was joking when he left the apartment. He assumed the man was gonna go get random snacks from a nearby gas station, however about an hour after he left George received a text with a picture of the cafe menu.

The third reason the brit could never find it in himself to get mad at Dream, was... well. His looks. It took George a few days to realize his slight attraction for the man, and once he did he wasn't happy about it. The blond was definitely hot, however his playful attitude made him more cute than drop-dead gorgeous. At first George told himself that it was normal. I mean, just recognizing the fact that someone has a nice body and face doesn't mean your *attracted* to them. Right? The whole concept had caused him a headache so he decided not to think to much about it.

George had only been living with Dream, Sapnap, Wilbur, and Techno (which he still hasn't seen with his own two eyes) for a four days. Despite not having known each other very long, they all seemed to spend a good portion of their time together. I mean, it was difficult not to Dream would follow George around like an actual dog.

“I am almost done, yes,” George said, inhaling sharply before continuing. “However, you asking me 'are you done yet' fifty times in ten minutes elongates the process.”

“Can't you take a break?” Dream asked, voice slightly whiny.

“You sound like a child throwing a tantrum,” the brunet scoffed.

“Well, I just wanna get to know you! You literally haven't told me anything about you yet. You

said we could talk once you finished but your taking forever." George only stared, knowing he was fighting a loosing battle. "Please George?" Dream said, exaggerating his name.

George hated himself for smiling at the blond's antics. "Fine," he said sternly, however the expression on his face betrayed his words. Dream's face immediately lit up and he pushed himself into a sitting position. After scooting over, he patted the bed, indicating George to come join him. The smaller moved from his chair and sat cross legged, facing Dream. He set his phone down next to him which the blond followed with his eyes.

"Ooo George! Who sent you seven images?" The taller asked in a teasing manor. He quickly leaned forward and snatched the phone from George's side before the other could react. "From 'BadBoyHalo'? George! What type of images are these?" he said, smirking at the smaller who grabbed the device back.

"I know what you thinking. Stop thinking it," he huffed, moving his thumb rapidly across the screen to unlock his phone. "They are pictures of my cat. I told my roommate to send me some everyday while I'm gone."

"Oh, I remember you mentioning 'Bad' the first day we met," Dream said, leaning forward to look at George's screen. "Can I see them?"

"I guess so," he said. George opened the messaging app and handed the phone to the taller who eagerly took it.

Dream scrolled through the photos for a few seconds before looking back up at the brunet. "Do you miss him? Your cat?"

"Well yeah, of course. I quite like having animals around," George responded.

"You should have just told me, I totally would have let you snuggle Patches," the blond said, jumping off the bed and running across the hall to his room. George looked to the door confused, especially when he heard the other call out 'Patches' multiple times before returning. The taller quickly approached the brit and bent over his lap. The action caused the smaller to panic.

"Dude wha-" before George could ask why Dream was so close to him, a cat was dumped into his lap. He stared down at the animal for second, his brain trying to catch up. "Wait what?! Dream, you have a cat?"

"Yeah! I guess I never mentioned her," he mumbled, rubbing the back of his neck. "She is super sweet and would totally fall asleep curled next to you."

"How did I not know you had a cat? I think in the past couple days I've been here I would have known this," George said, slightly surprised. Nonetheless he began to scratch the brown cat behind her ears, which she really seemed to enjoy.

"Uh, I'm not sure?" Dream said with a laugh. "She pretty much sleeps all day. I guess my mess of a room hid her from view." He sat back down on the bed and watched as Patches eagerly followed George's hand. "I think she really likes you."

The brunet smiled and continued to pat her as she leaned in to his touch. After a few moments of silence, George looked up to meet the blond's eyes. "So, what do you want to know?"

"Everything."

"Well I don't know what everything is," George scoffed. "Ask me questions and I'll ask you some."

“Okay, lets start with the basics. I guess we had a weird first impression.”

“Yeah, thanks to *someone*. You should really get better at the whole “recruiting” part.”

“Noted,” Dream said with a smile. “Okay so, how old are you? How tall are you? What's your favorite animal? What-”

“Slow down! We aren't in a rush,” he said before answering. George felt like he was being interviewed. “I'm 23 and I'm 5'9. My favorite animals are obviously cats.” He smiled down at the purring animal in his lap. “Okay so what about you?”

“I'm 21, and compared to you I am like, 6'10.”

“Dream, I'm not short. Don't lie,” George said with a roll of his eyes.

“Sure,” he teased. “I'm really 6'2, and I like cats too.” Dream couldn't help but wheeze at the other's slightly offended reaction.

“Shouldn't you at least know how old I am? I mean, you knew my name and location in order to find me.”

“Well, I'm not sure how you think I find out about you, but it's probably wrong. That's a story for another time though. What's your favorite color?”

“Blue,” George answered, not letting his eyes leave Patches.

“Blue? I kind of guess that, but it's such a basic color.”

“It is not! At least it's not yellow. Yellow is ugly, why would you even choose it?” George retorted.

“Yellow?” Dream said in an amused tone. “My favorite color is green.”

“Oh,” George said, meeting the blond's eyes. “I'm color blind,” he said flatly.

Dream's eyes widened at that. “Really?!”

“Yes. I've been told that I mix up yellows and greens. Colors like red and pink look dull to me. Blue is the only color I can properly see.”

“So that's why it's your favorite color?” The brit nodded. “That makes sense then. Blue is probably the prettiest, so good choice,” Dream said. Suddenly, he leaned forward and came face to face with George.

George felt his breath catch. *Why is he so close? Oh my god.* George could literally feel the blond's breath on his face. His cheeks felt a tingling sensation where the warm air made contact with his skin. The moment which seemed like hours, which was probably only a few seconds, made the brunet blush. The red color on his skin didn't go unnoticed by Dream, however the taller chose not to bring it up in fear of making him to embarrassed.

“Does that mean my eyes are yellow?” Dream asked, tilting his head slightly.

“Yes,” George said before shoving him away. “I've only ever seen yellow so I guess I wouldn't know for sure.”

“They're green,” the American said, moving back a back to his original sitting position. “Maybe one day we could get you color blind glasses so you can actually see me.”

“Maybe, but I really don't mind seeing things like this. It's what I'm used to anyway.” Dream hummed understandingly. “Dream I have something to ask you.”

“Anything, what is it?” He responded, slightly concerned in the way George's tone got serious.

“Have you like, ever, hurt someone,” he asked, not daring to look up from his lap. Instead he focused on the way his hands moved through Patches' fur. “I don't mean like, accidentally hit someone. Have you *really* hurt someone?” And George should have known exactly what was to come. He knew he was a 'bad guy'. He was fully aware of the situation, however it still didn't change the uneasiness in his stomach.

“Oh.” Dream wasn't sure how to answer the question without scaring George off. It wasn't as if he liked hurting people, however in the situation it had been practically necessary. “I won't lie to you, George.” The brit sucked in his breath. “But listen, I'm sure you'll understand-”

“What did you do?”

“Let me explain, I promise it will make sense-”

“Did you hurt them bad?” George asked, voice cracking. If he didn't hurt them that bad he wouldn't have to explain anything. “Did you kill someone?” Dream felt his heart skip a beat. Not because of the accusation, but the fact that it was true. It's not like he meant to though. He never wanted to kill anyone; he wasn't one to do that. Sure, he meant to hurt the guy, but not that not like that.

“Yeah.” George snapped his head up to look at Dream. The hand that wasn't on Patches tightened, grabbing the comforter of his bed. “Yes I did, but listen. I know that sounds bad, I promise you I know, but it was an accident.”

“How did you accidentally kill someone?!” The brit asked, raising his voice out of fear more than anger. George knew that Dream wouldn't hurt him. Something in the back of his mind told him that the day they had met, however that didn't change the fact that the blond had actually killed someone. When Dream opened his mouth to respond, George quickly interjected. “That wasn't a question, don't answer it. I don't want to hear you talk right now.”

Ouch. That one hurt. Although Dream was disappointed by his words, he could understand where George was coming from. He moved to get closer to him, hoping to comfort the brunet.

Recognizing that the blond was attempting to get closer, George leaned back. The uneasy feeling spread from his stomach to his chest.

“Dream get away,” George said, eyes wide like a deer in headlights. He hated the way his voice shook when he said that.

“George, you have to let me explain, please.”

“No, Dream, get out. I don't want to see you.”

It was like Dream had been stabbed by an invisible arrow. It felt as if it had hit his chest and ripped through his heart. He felt guilt, disappointment (in himself), and a tad bit annoyed with the smaller's words. Dream only stared at George, trying to think of a way to explain the situation to him.

“Dream. I said. Get. The. Fuck. Out,” George said sternly. Dream let out a choked off noise. It hurt, the way George said it. Did he really have to say it like that? 'I don't want to see you'? The more he thought about his words the more his chest tightened. Instead of disturbing the man further, Dream reluctantly stood up and exited the room without another word.

Why did George feel so... betrayed? Technically the blond did nothing wrong (beside from killing someone), but that didn't stop his eyes from stinging and his throat from tightening. George could have guessed the answer to the question, however he had to go and ask it anyway. Of course he did. He took a deep breath before moving Patches out of his lap and walking to the door to close it.

"Patches, you can go out," he mumbled, motioning to the door. The cat instead walked over to George's pillow and laid down. She looked at George as if expecting something from him. He sighed before shutting the door and walking back over to the bed. He laid down next to the cat, not bothering to change his clothes. The brit really didn't want to think about anything for the time being. His stupid homework would have to wait. He let his eyelids drop and barely registered Patches moving closer to him as he dozed off.

Chapter End Notes

:(
sad gogy noises

idk how to write angst/problematic situations, so does this count?

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

happy bday gogy! <3

sorry for the later post. cali rlly be catching on fire whenever the chance arises

“Dream, it’s safe to come out now.” Sapnap’s voice was muffled from the other side of Dream’s closed door. The blond groaned as he threw his legs over the side of his bed. He had to pause his movements as his vision blackened out and slowly returned. After a few seconds he made his way to the door and met dark eyes. “George just left for school. I still can’t believe you managed to upset him and he hasn’t even been here for a week.” The raven boy’s voice was genuine with a hint of humor in an attempt to cheer up his friend.

“Shut up,” the blond mumbled, running a hand through his messy hair to try and gain some control. Sapnap had been in his room when Dream and George had their little *dispute* yesterday, hearing all of it. In all honesty, Dream didn’t think he did anything wrong. He answered the question truthfully. He could have lied and let him find out about it later which would have caused some sort of trust issue. Dream hates to admit that the way George kicked him out did hurt his feelings. It sounds stupid in his head but it’s true. ‘I don’t want to see you.’ *Did he really have to say it like that?* Whatever. He shouldn’t let this get to him that much. He will eventually come around.

He moved out of his room and peeked into George’s. He fumbled around with his hand until he eventually found the light switch. The first thing he noticed since last time he was there was how much cleaner it was. He vaguely remembers George mentioning something about the kitchen and how it needed to be neater, in which Dream teased him for being a clean freak. George had been probably busying himself with cleaning his already tidy room.

“He’s not there, no need to check,” Sapnap snickered.

“I’m not. He pretty much stole my cat and she stayed in there with him the whole rest of the day and night.” He took few steps into the room and made coaxing noises, trying to make Patches leave without tearing the room apart. After a couple seconds of attempting to lure the cat out, she popped her head from around the corner of his desk. Dream’s face immediately lit up as she trotted over to him. He bent down and scooped the cat up in his arms before returning to Sapnap. They walked down the stairs and entered the kitchen, the shorter boy grabbing two bowls from the drawer. Dream made sure to pour Patches some food before getting his cereal. Once the two men sat down at the small wooden table in the middle of the kitchen, the blond spoke up.

“Do we have an actual plan? Now that we finally have someone to code for us?”

“Well, before we all sit down to discuss what is gonna happen, we need George to see the actual building. He needs to get a feel for the place and it would be helpful for him to locate some of the cameras before hand,” Sapnap spoke in between bites. “He seems to take a liking to you, whether that be because he actually likes you better than us or due to the fact that you follow him everywhere around the house.” Dream scowled. “My idea was to have you take him the bank so he knows what he’s doing, however you two are in the middle of a lovers quarrel.”

“It's not my fault he's overreacting about the whole thing.” Dream kept his eyes at his bowl.

“I never said it was, all I'm telling you is you need to figure it out. The sooner we get the job done, the sooner he can go back to living a *normal* life.” The tanned boy paused for a moment. “And the sooner we can be like, hella rich.”

“I know,” Dream sighed. He let his green eyes finally wonder up to meet his friend's. “He doesn't want to talk to me though. He seemed pretty upset, and made a point of not leaving his room to eat yesterday when I asked him if he was hungry. Could you talk to him for me?” He quickly rushed through the words, slightly embarrassed that he had to ask for help. Sapnap really didn't want to deal with this shit, however he clearly saw his friend was struggling.

“Sure, not sure if it will help though,” he hummed.

The tension in Dream's upper body dropped and felt a little better about the whole thing. “Thanks man.”

“No worries.”

George wouldn't be home from university until 1 pm, and it was about 10 now. That left a lot of time for the blond to fear the outcome of whatever Sapnap would say, but he was hopeful it would help. He quickly finished his breakfast and set the bowl at the side of the sink before grabbing Patches who was sitting at the bottom of his chair, already done eating. Dream opted for lounging around in bed and watching YouTube for the next few hours which would hopefully take his mind off of the uneasy feeling in his stomach.

He never realized how boring his life could be at times like this. Sure, he literally robbed businesses and homes for a living, which even split up by everyone got him a lot of money, however it provided him a lot of downtime. It's not like they had to go out every day. A good hit could last them up to four months, covering rent and normal living expenses. In between heists they did plan out their next targets, however it never took very long. Occasionally the team would all go out to restaurants or little theme parks, which Wilbur liked to call 'team bonding', and sometimes Sapnap would drag him out to go shopping for useless things. A usual day for the blond would be to wake up, eat, play games or watch videos, maybe watch a movie or something with the raven haired boy, and then sleep.

Ever since George, however, he had been much more active. Over the few days the brunet had been with them, he found himself hanging around him. He constantly tried to find excuses to get near or spend time with him. Instead of confining himself to his room, he spent most of his day either talking to him or just sitting in a comfortable silence with him. It wasn't until he hadn't talked to him for almost a whole day that he realized how much time he spent with him. He silently prayed that George would hear Sapnap out.

Once he made it to his room, he decided to get out of his night clothes and throw on a random hoodie and sweats. One thing he loved about the UK was the fact that it never got very hot, unlike Florida. The blond's favorite clothes to wear were long sleeves and sweat pants, however the sticky and humid weather back at his hometown wasn't the best for that. He plopped down on his bed, patting the mattress beside him as an invitation for Patches to follow. She eagerly jumped up before settling down next to him. Dream let his left hand fall down to give the cat some attention while holding his phone in his right, looking for his source of entertainment for the next few hours.

“George?”

The brunet froze for a second before sitting up on his bed, eyes darting to his closed door before realizing it wasn't Dream's voice but Sapnap's. A knock followed after George stayed silent. "Yes?"

"Can I come in or are you really busy?" George thought about saying he was busy just to avoid the awkward conversation that was sure to ensue. Despite the uneasiness in the pit of his stomach, he decided that he should get it over with. He would have to talk about it eventually.

"No, I'm not." The brit was surprised to be met with a slightly nervous face once the door opened. Sapnap usually had a very confident expression, this character was new to him. He slowly walked over to the bed and looked at George as if asking if it was already time to sit down. George couldn't help but laugh at the other's shyness. "Oh my God, you're so awkward right now. I haven't seen you like this."

The tanned boy let out a chuckle in response. "If you hadn't already guessed, Dream put me up to this. I didn't want to deal with this myself, but that doesn't mean I don't care." George hummed and watched Sapnap sit at the end of his bed, refusing to directly face the other. "George, you're overreacting."

Well then. The brunet was not expecting that. He expected some sort of explanation or a 'I know this isn't normal for you.' He kept his mouth shut for a few seconds, hoping for Sapnap to continue and say *something*. When he stayed quiet, George threw his hands to his face and groaned. He wasn't necessarily upset with Dream at this point, he just didn't know how to approach him. He was slightly relieved by the fact that Sapnap came to him instead. He should have known from the beginning that one of them had hurt someone, but it was still unsettling. He came to the conclusion that he was mostly surprised when Dream had said that he fucking killed someone, not necessarily angry with him.

"Sapnap." George said, removing his hands from his face to look at the younger. "You're an idiot."

He stared at him with a confused look. "What? Well I-"

"You and Dream both," the other mumbled, cutting him off. "You don't understand." *Did they just forget the fact that I have a normal life?* "I'm still not really sure about everything that you guys do, but whatever it is, it's your lifestyle, right?" He nodded. "Well think about that. It's your 'normal', what you are used to. I'm used to going to college, doing homework, and going home to sleep. That's my normal. Your normal is the complete fucking opposite of mine." George could practically see the gears turning on the other's head. He couldn't believe that this was a difficult concept for him. "In my life, like 99% of the population, I don't go around committing crimes."

"Obviously," Sapnap snorted.

"Okay, well then you should understand why I was shocked when Dream said he murdered someone. That may be 'normal' for you guys, but for any other sane person it isn't."

"It's not normal for us either, don't think we just go around killing people. Plus, Dream didn't *murder* someone, it was technically self defense." The black haired man said as if it was obvious.

"What?" That was news to George.

"You wouldn't let him explain before you kicked him out, which he's super upset about by the way." A small smirk crept up Sapnap's face, confidence slowly seeping back. "I think you're the idiot, George. You could have avoided this awkward situation if you had just let him explain."

Oh. George does remember Dream pleading with him to explain. He also remembers telling him to leave, and not wanting to see him. He winced at his own words, the sudden feeling of guilt washing over him. “Did he tell you everything that I said?”

“No.” George sighed in relief. “I heard all of it from down the hall.” *Of course.* “Now, allow me to explain.” Sapnap cracked his knuckles and took a deep breath. “About a year ago, Techno had sent Dream and I on a small heist at one of the local businesses. Back then, we had another member of the team, and he had come with us too. It was late at night, that way we wouldn't have to worry about anyone being there. It would have been a simple in and out sort of robbery, but like anything, stuff can go wrong. I stayed outside to keep watch while they went in to get money, items, anything valuable.”

Sapnap was waving his arms around while telling the story. George found himself leaning forward slightly while listening to the boy talk. “I'm not sure what I was doing honestly, but I wasn't paying good enough attention. I failed to see a patrol car pull up from across the street. By the time I did notice it, the policeman was already out of the vehicle and running to me, shouting for backup through the communication system. I quickly ran inside through the shattered door to get the other two. We were able to break a side window and escape down few allies. It was a close call though.”

“I don't understand? Who died?” George asked, a puzzled expression forming on his face.

“Well, once we were sure that we were far enough down the alley for no one to notice, our teammate piratically exploded. He jumped at me, cursing me out as he grabbed me by the collar of my shirt. He kept yelling, saying how it was my fault they almost got caught, which was technically true. Dream had tried to reason with him and attempted to pull him off me. Eventually, things escalated until the guy had me down on the floor, his knife up to my neck.” He paused for a moment, thinking to himself. “I still have no idea why he got *that* worked up about it.”

“Anyways, Dream really grabbed him then. He had put his arm around the guy's neck, not realizing how close the knife was to him. Dream basically pushed the guy's own knife into his neck. Not on purpose though.” Sapnap lifted his finger and pointed at his own neck, right above his Adam's Apple. “The guy died pretty quickly. Dream was pretty shaken up about the whole thing and barely slept or ate for the week after, not because he cared about him though. No one liked the guy; he was always a dick and we planned on throwing him out anyway. Still wished it didn't have to be like that.”

“Oh,” George said quietly. “He did it for you.” The story made a whole lot more sense now. It didn't change the fact that the blond had killed someone, but there wasn't a dreadful feeling in George's stomach anymore.

“He did.” Sapnap stood up and made his way to the door. “Well, that's all.” The raven looked as if he was about to leave before he continued. “Also, you should go talk to Dream. He really likes you, and he's a bit hurt right now.” The last sentence was said in a lower voice before he walked away. The guilty feeling suddenly returned to the brit. He quickly stood up and made his way across the hall to Dream's room before he could talk himself out of it.

“Dream?” He barely got in a knock before an acknowledging hum was made from the other side of the door. “Can I come in?”

“Yeah of course.” George opened the door to find the blond lying down, phone in hand and Patches curled up at his side. The cat lifted her head and let out a friendly noise directed to George before getting as close as possible to him without jumping off the bed. The brunet placed himself on the mattress, grateful for Patches serving as a distraction. Dream could take a guess as to what he was gonna say, but he asked anyway. “What is it?”

“I’m sorry,” George said, finally looking up to meet his eyes.

“It’s alright, don’t worry about it-”

“I should have let you explain.” He hastily dropped his eyes back down to the cat. He was bad at apologies and couldn’t help the way his voice wavered. “I didn’t think you would hurt me, but it was still a bit nerve-wracking.” George felt the bed shift and saw Dream sit up out of the corner of his eye.

“George, look at me.” Reluctant eyes met the taller’s emerald ones. “I would never hurt you, okay? I mean it. I haven’t known you very long, but I can tell you right now you mean so, so much to me.” George felt his heart jump at the words.

“I’m so sorry,” he said again. Dream was about to tell him to stop apologizing when he continued. “For telling you to leave like that. It was rude and I didn’t mean it like that.” Relief flooded the blond’s body.

“It’s alright. I’m just glad you’re not scared of me or something.” George nodded.

“Yeah, you were just looking out for Sapnap.”

“I hate that I killed him, but I’d do it for you too.” Dream said the sentence with a small smile, but the shorter could tell he was serious. It should have made George at least a little uncomfortable, but it instead had the opposite effect. He internally screamed at himself for letting a blush form on his cheeks. He really didn’t know to respond, so instead he changed the subject.

“You look tired.” It was only 3 in the afternoon, but there were traces of dark circles under the other’s eyes.

“Yeah, I am. I’m probably gonna take a nap. Care to join me?” Dream wheezed at the flustered expression on the other’s face.

“Yeah, sure,” George had answered jokingly. He promptly learned that the American wasn’t necessarily joking.

Dream’s face lit up. He threw his hand out and grabbed George’s arm, tugging at him. The brunet’s eyes widened as he was being pulled over to the top of the bed. Bad was an extremely affectionate friend, but they never *slept together*. George hated himself for the wording his mind decided to choose. Patches let out a displeased noise as George moved away and quickly followed to placed herself in between the two of them. The brit sent a small thank you to above for that cat.

“Why do you look so embarrassed?” Dream chuckled. “Never slept with the homies?”

“No, I haven’t.” George rolled his eyes before letting the back if his head fall to the pillow. Dream shifted onto his side, facing the other. He let his hand fall to Patches and lazily pet her as his eyes fell closed.

“Oh well. Here’s to screwing up our sleep schedules even more,” he mumbled, sleep already starting to overtake the blond. They fell into a comfortable silence. George couldn’t believe how fast the had become friends. He was never one to get super comfortable around people very quickly, let alone in less than a week. It seemed like they had known each other for years as they both drifted off into a light sleep.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

yay chapter 6

also, fuck me i just realized that someone already used this title for another fic in this fandom. forgive me brothers.

Surely George was putting too much thought into this. He stared at the clothes that laid out on his bed. It was currently a Saturday, meaning he would usually stay at home and lounge around all day instead of go out. However, today was a special occasion, in George's mind at least. When he finally emerged from his room earlier this morning to eat breakfast, Dream was already sat at the table. He really hadn't been paying any attention to what Dream was saying, just absently listening to his nice voice. George was slowly coming to better understand how he felt about the other, but it still wasn't easy to admit to himself his strong liking to the blond. The one thing he did hear, however, was the last part of the sentence.

"-and we can go get lunch together," Dream had stated. Given the tone of the other's voice, George determined that he missed something else important in the first part of the sentence.

"What was that?" George said, looking over his shoulder as he faced the open fridge. He made his best attempt to not look flustered and swore Dream could hear the pounding in his chest from across the room.

"Did you hear anything I just said?" Dream snickered, shifting to move his arm onto the table to prop his head up.

"No, I just woke up," he said in his defense.

"Basically, Sapnap wants me to take you to the bank today. He said it would be helpful for you to see it before we start making any big plans," he paused, "and after, we can go get lunch or something. You don't have to go to school today, right?"

George shook his head. "No, today I don't. What time were you thinking of going?"

"Well, I know you just woke up, but maybe around one?" The brunet had looked over to the clock which read noon and couldn't help a mildly shocked look from forming on his face. George liked to sleep in, but always tried to wake up by at least ten. "If you're hungry now, eat something light."

"Alright," he had mumbled, mind already swimming with other thoughts. Which brings us back to the issue at hand. *What should I wear?* No, this wasn't a date. George told himself that multiple times to calm himself down, but part of him didn't want to believe it. He was fully aware that getting lunch wasn't the main focus of their little outing. In fact, lunch meant absolutely nothing in this situation. They were to go to the bank so George could scout the place out, something extremely important. But no, George wasn't thinking about that. Instead, he was having a internal debate with himself about what he should wear when he goes to get lunch with a friend. Friend. *Is Dream even a friend? Maybe he's my kidnapper.* George couldn't help but let out a snort.

They weren't going to leave for at least another forty minutes, which in theory should give him enough time to pick an outfit, however it was proving to be a bit more difficult. He only packed a few outfits with him, not wanting to take everything from his apartment. Feeling a bit embarrassed, he picked up his phone and texted Bad. He knew his best friend would help him in a heart beat, and he would probably enjoy talking to George a little more than just sending cat pictures.

Gogy

hey bad! how are you?

Almost immediately after he sent the text, George received a reply. He smiled before even reading the text. He could probably take a guess as to what it said.

Bad <3

Oh my goodness!! George!!

I'm good! :D It's been lonely, but your cat is keeping me company. What about you?

Gogy

i'm doing okay, but i need some advice

George quickly took a picture of his messy bed before sending it to his friend and then shook his head. He couldn't believe he thinking this much about a stupid outfit. He figured out that he did want to impress Dream, at least a little bit, but that didn't have to be because he was in fucking love with him or something. Right?

Gogy

what should i wear? i'm kind of at a loss

plus i didnt bring many clothes to begin with

Bad <3

Ooo, what's the occasion?

George began to type out something about going to lunch with a friend. He almost sent the message, however he suddenly remembered that as far as Bad was aware, he was out of the city. He paused for a moment, groaning. *What was my story?* It took him a few seconds, but he eventually remembered that he was 'with family'.

Gogy

we are going out to lunch to meet with a few family friends

i want to look nice, but still casual if that makes sense

Bad <3

Of course! I think I have an idea!

After a few more exchanges of texts, George settled on a white, tight fitting sweater with black jeans. He thanked his past-self for deciding to bring some nicer looking clothes. He shot a quick 'thank you' text to Bad before going down the hall to brush his teeth. George has always found himself being a bit self conscious about his body, but he seemed to find a bit of confidence within himself today. When he looked up at the mirror he found that his outfit choice complimented his slim figure. Once he walked down the hall and back to his room, he grabbed his converse shoes and slipped them on. He only brought one pair of shoes with him, but they matched with pretty much everything.

While he made his way to the stairs, he passed Sapnap's room. The door was wide open and the black haired boy sat against the headboard of the bed, scrolling through his phone. When he saw

the brit out of the corner of his eye, he looked up.

“Ello George,” Sapnap said in an awful impersonation of a English accent. George stopped his movements and stood at the door way.

“That was a terrible attempt at an accent, please don't ever do that again.” George was about to continue down the hallway when the other decided to confront him about his outfit.

“You look nice.” When George stayed silent for a moment, Sapnap moved his hand and gestured to his clothes. “Where are you going?” The tanned boy already knew the answer to the question. Dream had talked to him last night about going to the bank, and then getting lunch. The way the blond had mentioned it made it apparent to Sapnap that the simple task of getting lunch was pretty important to him. Sapnap thought about teasing Dream for acting like a kid in middle school with a crush, but decided he would save that for later – meaning now.

“Dream's taking me to the bank, like you said the other day.” George said, avoiding their other plan that caused his worries.

“You could have just worn sweats and a hoodie to go to the bank you know.” Sapnap couldn't help but let a smirk spread across his face when the other seemed to be at a loss for words. “George, do you want to look good for someone?”

“No, as a matter of fact I don't.” George made his best attempt to stitch a confident look onto his face, but he was almost certain it wasn't doing him any good. “What's wrong with dressing nicely? It's not like I look all fancy or anything.” George registered Sapnap opening his mouth to say something, probably some clap back that would hit too close to home, however before the boy's words could make any sense to him his brain shut down.

Someone had come down the hallway and stopped right behind George, so close he could almost feel them. George didn't have to turn around to know it was Dream. Many reasons lead to this conclusion, most of them being process of elimination. Techno was practically non existent to George, he had only heard his monotone voice. Wilbur he saw almost everyday, but he wasn't one to interfere with too many things. As far as George was aware, only four other people lived at the flat, so it was Dream.

The taller closed the almost microscopic distance between him and George, resting his chin on the other's shoulder and letting his arms snake around the smaller's waist. If George's brain wasn't working two seconds ago, it definitely short circuited now. Dream's soft breaths felt hot on his neck. *Please, George.* He willed himself to fight the furious blush he felt spreading from the spot on his neck, thankful that the blond couldn't see his face. If for whatever reason he was still confused as to who was hanging onto him, he would have known by now. Dream smelled of pine needles or some sort of forest like scent; it reminded him of Christmas. The brit noticed it the first day they met, but it was made even more apparent to him the day they shared the bed. He found it comforting, extremely comforting, to the point were it almost made him sick.

“Sap, stop being mean.” George could practically feel every little movement Dream's body made when he spoke which caused him to involuntarily shiver. Dream grinned in response. *He must know what he's doing. There's no way he's like this with everyone.* George hadn't been around them long enough to know if the American was this touchy with everybody. The selfish part of him hoped the answer was no, even though he was almost certain Dream was just fucking around.

“I'm not being mean, I'm just pointing it out,” Sapnap stated. George knew the raven would tease him later for the embarrassed expression he wore, but he could care less. He was busy making a frantic attempt to keep himself grounded. Dream let out a noise of acknowledgment before pulling

away from George, all too soon in the shorter's opinion. Even though Dream had only been draped over the other for a few seconds, it was enough to make George miss it. He felt awfully cold.

“Well, Georgie and I have a date to go on, so please excuse us.” Dream quickly snatched the brunet's hand and let out a giddy laugh as he lead him down the hall. George immediately took his thoughts back, he felt hot again.

“Don't call me that.” George barely spoke out with a smile, just loud for enough the other to hear. Yeah, this was bad. George was falling. Falling for someone who would most likely never return his feelings. He just prayed that the landing wasn't too painful.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

rip l'manburg

George finally let himself enjoy the stupid little moments that he would share with Dream. Whether it be the platonic moments or the actions that made George blush and attempt to hide his face, he was really beginning to enjoy them. He found it easy for himself to simply admire the smaller things about the man, the things that he had never noticed before. Like now. Dream had suggested they drove to the bank, for it would have been a long walk. George agreed as long as he didn't end up loosing a limb or two in the process, however he ended up being a pretty good driver. The brunet couldn't help but steal a couple glances to his right.

Luckily, Dream seemed too focused on the road to pay any attention to the small peeks George was taking from time to time. Before George could stop himself, he was taking note of every little detail the other possessed. He found his eyes glued to Dream's hands where they wrapped around the steering wheel. The brit hadn't noticed how big they were until earlier when the other had grabbed his hand and dragged him down the hall. It was extremely comforting for some reason. Every so often he would let his eyes trail up Dream's arms to his face. He was mesmerized by the way the sun would shine down on him whenever they turned a corner or passed a building. His hair would be given a golden tint and his eyes gained a soft glow. Though he was used to seeing the world "differently" than others, it was times like these he wished he could see the true color of Dream's eyes. *They're probably really, really pretty.*

"You have a nice car," George said, moving his eyes back to the front windshield. Dream's car wasn't terribly fancy, but it was nicer than he thought. It was a small, white BMW with a dark interior and it was kept surprisingly clean.

Dream raised an eyebrow but kept his gaze forward. "You think so?" George hummed. "I bet you expected me to have an old run down minivan or something."

"Yeah, I did. Would have been a lot easier to "recruit" people, just throw them in the back or something." George scoffed, turning to look back at his friend. Dream let out that loud wheeze that always painted a smile on the brunet's face.

"You're right, I should look into that." They sat in a comfortable silence for the remainder of the drive and eventually Dream pulled the car over and parked along a busy street. "Alright, its just around the corner. It's usually pretty busy so I doubt they will notice us, but just act normal," The blond said as he stepped out of the vehicle. The words 'just act normal' gave George a small spike of anxiety. All they had to do was go into the place and look around, yet he still gained a rush of adrenaline; he liked it.

George stepped out of the car and the monotone beep indicating that the car had been locked was heard. Dream shuffled around the front of the car to get to George before wordlessly telling other to follow him. "You're positive they wont think we are up to anything weird?"

"No, don't worry. If one of the employees comes up to you, just say you're here with me to cash in a check." Dream reached into the back pocket of his jeans and pulled out a slip of paper. "I made

Sapnap write me a check just for this.” The smile George received was reassuring and genuine

They walked side by side in silence, occasionally stopping to avoid running into complete strangers. It reminded George of the few minutes before Dream took him down the alleyway. *How did he even know I was there?* He figured that would be a good question to ask later. After a short walk, they rounded the corner of a large building, and the bank finally coming into view at the end of the street. From a first glance, you wouldn't think anything of it, but upon searching George was able to see a few security guards. As they approached the building, he noticed the many cameras located on the outside of the building, most likely even more on the inside. It was quite a large building, and modern as well. Mostly broad windows and thin steel frames.

The pair made their way up the few steps and walked to the multiple sets of doors. The two security guards at either end of the building didn't think anything of them. I mean, why would they? They were just normal visitors. Dream tugged on one of the large glass doors and stepped aside to let George in first. “After you,” he said, exaggerating the action by slightly bowing his head.

“How polite,” George snickered. Once his eyes adjusted to the lighting inside the building, he realized how big the place was. It looked like a large structure from the outside, but it seemed even bigger on the inside. It was filled with people, workers and customers. To the right of the entrance was a long counter with a glass wall and small openings for employees to help the people. To the left hand side there were multiple tables with more workers and people, talking about confusing adult things George hated. Behind the desks were multiple offices with actual rooms and doors. At the far side of the room there was another set of doors with a few unoccupied couches and chairs.

“Lets go over there.” Dream motioned to the furniture. George followed the American and joined him in sitting on the small sofa. “Well, this is the place.” Dream didn't bother lowering his voice, the people around him creating a loud environment. “Just look around from here, take note of the security cameras and such.” George slightly tilted his head to the ceiling, accounting for the multiple cameras placed in corners and above doors. The building seemed like any other bank, just larger and with more protection.

“Seems like any other bank,” the brit said, unsure of how he was to respond. Dream nodded.

“Yeah, but there's definitely a lot more money here than any other bank in England. We assume there's staff offices and bathrooms behind there,” the blond said, tossing his head to a door behind the counter. “The building doesn't extend much further than that though, so there's no way they keep the money back there. We think that there's a downstairs portion, however we don't know for sure.” Dream leaned back against the cushions and ran a hand through his hair. “Most of the time we are able to dig around and find public blue prints of buildings, however there aren't any for this bank.”

“Understandably so.”

“I guess, but long story short we have no idea where the fuck to go,” Dream said flatly, his shoulders shaking a bit in amusement. “The idea for today was to have you get a feel for what's happening, and I think we've accomplished that?”

“Yep,” George said, redirecting his attention to his friend.

“Alright, that's good. Now, do you know if you can access the blueprints?” Dream paused before quickly elaborating. “Obviously you're not supposed to, but you're able to *hack* in or whatever, right?”

“Yeah, as long as these blueprints actually exist.”

“Of course they do. It’s for like, safety purposes or something.” Dream looked away from George and focused on one of the computers an employee was typing at. “Is that something you can only do while you’re here, or can you do that at home through their website?” George sat in silence for a moment – partly from contemplating the question and the other for internally celebrating the fact that Dream referred to the apartment as “home”. Though it was Dream’s actual home, it delighted George to know he was a part of it.

“Well, I’m not exactly sure. I’ll try from home first since that would be easiest, and if not we can come back. I can’t do it now anyway, I don’t have my laptop,” he finally said.

“Sounds like a plan,” Dream said as he jumped up from the couch. “Let’s go cash this check so they don’t think we’re weirdos.” George chuckled as he stood up and followed the taller. After a few minutes of waiting in line, one of the ladies behind the glass motioned that she would help Dream. George followed him up to the counter, staying silent and letting him do what he needed. The brunet let his eyes wonder behind the glass while the woman pointed at something on the check before handing a pen to Dream. George saw a door off to the corner where the employees entered, and on the opposite wall all the way at the end was another. They had been sitting near that door, and there wasn’t an entrance from the outside. That’s probably the door to the back offices. The wall behind the workers was filled with filing cabinets and papers. George was pulled from his thoughts when Dream said a quick “thank you” and gestured for George to follow him to the exit.

Once they made it outside the building, Dream walked down the stairs before stopping to face the shorter. “Well, I’d say that was successful,” the blond said with a smile. The whole thing took less than 20 minutes, even with the large amount of people in the building.

“Yeah, because we literally cashed in a check, an ability that pretty much every grown adult has.” George laughed at the fake hurt expression Dream wore. After some friendly bickering, they began to head back the way they came from.

“Ready for our date?” Dream asked, fishing his phone out of his pocket. George knew the other was only joking, but he still found his heart speeding up. Just as quickly as he had gotten happy, he felt a pang of pain when he continued to think about how Dream wasn’t serious. God, George was really in for it.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

DREAM 13 MIL POGGG

anYWayS just know that there is random OC in here hes not meant to be anyone specific

also this is more of a dream pov chapter :D

On their way back to the car, Dream and George had decided that they would head to the brit's favorite cafe. Dream didn't care where they ended up eating lunch; as long as the other was happy so was he. Though it was about an hour away from the flat, it was only about thirty minutes from the bank so why not? The blond found himself looking at George out of the corner of his eye. The brunet stared out the passenger window, seemingly in his own world. *Cute*.

Even though the drive was about a half hour, it really didn't seem that long. Soon enough, they arrived at the cafe. It wasn't ever very busy, and today was no exception. A few people sat outside, talking and eating with friends. There were more people inside, but not enough for it be crowded. It was really a nice place. There were lots of windows and tables along with small plants on a few of the shelves. Overall, it was a very comfortable looking place.

“Do you know what you're getting?” George asked, removing his gaze from the large menu that hung above the workers behind the counter.

“Not really, you've been here many times, haven't you?” George nodded. “What do you recommend?”

“Well I really, really like their chips here, so I usually just get a burger or something.”

Dream furrowed his eyebrows in confusion for a moment before he realized what the other meant.
“Normal people call them french fries, George.”

“We are in England, Dream. You should have learned to adapt by now” he laughed.

“Whatever,” the blond said with a roll of his eyes, amusement present on his face. “I'll get what you usually get.” George let out a understanding hum before walking up to the counter. As he approached the counter, the worker looked up from screen and his face immediately split into a smile when he saw the brunet.

“George!” The man exclaimed. “I haven't seen you here in some time.” He spoke as if they were friends, however Dream knew that it wasn't Bad. The guy had the same height and build as Dream, but he had black hair and dark brown eyes along with the native British accent.

“Yes, I guess school has been getting the best of me lately,” he responded with a grin. Dream didn't like that. It was the same grin that made Dream's heart skip a beat. The same grin that made the blond's chest tighten. The same fucking grin that made Dream think that maybe, maybe he had a

chance. Maybe George liked him, and if he didn't maybe he was just the tiniest bit interested. It was a smile that he never gave Sapnap. One that Dream thought he only received. In the short amount of time that he knew George, he learned that he had multiple expressions, but there was only one that he showed Dream and no one else. Until now. He hated the bitter feeling that the thought brought along with it.

Dream found himself taking a few steps closer to George. The other man flickered his eyes up to the taller before looking back down at George, practically disregarding Dream's presence. The American felt the nerves under his skin prickle at the action. He hated how quickly the mood changed in such a short amount of time. "Well, what can I get for you today?"

George proceeded to order his and Dream's food, using his hands to gesture a few things, however the latter wasn't paying any attention to the brit's words. He trained his eyes to the man in front of him, taking note of the fond look he wore will the other talked. *This is so stupid.* Dream wanted to curse himself out for how jealous he was – and on top of that he had no reason to be. George was just a friend. Dream was snapped out of his thoughts when the brunet reached for his pocket to grab his wallet. He grabbed George's hands, signaling for him to stop.

"Let me pay, I invited you out," Dream said while making a move for his own wallet.

"No no, I can pay it's fine. You drove." George protested. Before anything else could be said, the blond pulled out few bills and handed them to the worker, green eyes never leaving darker ones.

"Oh but Georgie, I insist." Dream felt pleased with himself when the light shade of red covered the shorter's face. George let out a small 'oh my God' under his breath and focused his eyes on something unimportant on the other side of the room. Another wave of satisfaction washed over him when the black-haired man's expression dropped for a split second before returning. After a few moments, Dream's change was handed back to him and George led the way to a small booth in the corner of room.

"Thank you for paying," George said as they both sat down. The younger waved his hand in a dismissive manner. "You know, there's something I've been meaning to ask you."

Dream perked up a bit, leaning over the table and resting his cheek in the palm of his hand.
"Anything."

"How did you know where to find me?" George paused, clearly thinking of his next words, however the other already knew what he meant. "Like, how did you know that I coded and where I was at that exact time?"

Dream couldn't help the small laugh that escaped his lips. "I was hoping you would ask that," he said, pushing off the table and leaning back in his seat. "I'm not sure if you noticed but I have a backpack in my room." George raised an eyebrow. "I know, nothing special about that, but you've probably noticed that I sit around all day, I don't actually go to school. The thing about college is no one is gonna actually *check* who enters the campus or not. There's too many students for that. I'm the right age to be in college, so all I have to do is throw a backpack over my shoulder and I'm in. Easy as that."

"So you go to campus to talk to people because you're that lonely." George said teasingly.

After a series of small wheezes that had some heads turning, Dream continued. "Techno said that we needed someone to code in order for this to be pulled off, so I took matters into my own hands. After asking around, someone was able to direct me to one of the classrooms that taught code and what not." George nodded his head, seeming to understand where this was going. "I sat outside of

that classroom everyday. I never looked suspicious because there were always students hanging around there anyway. If anything, someone just thought I had class after you guys. I saw you multiple times, and eventually I started to remember your schedule. I followed you to your apartment one time so I learned your route," he paused to look at George's slightly shocked, but amused face, "and yeah. That's pretty much it."

"That makes sense I guess." George stared at the wood grain on the table for a moment. He slowly moved his gaze up to meet Dream's eyes. "What made you choose me?"

You're really, really cute. Is what he didn't say... not flat out at least. "Dunno, just had a feeling. Maybe it was the way I can rest my chin on the top of your head when I hug you." It was something Dream hadn't attempted yet, but something he often thought about. George lifted his hands to cover his smile that Dream knew was there.

"I'm not short," he mumbled

"I never said that," Dream said, a smirk tugging at his lips.

Not too long after, their food was served and George began eating at once. The pair didn't bother to keep the conversation going, instead falling into a relaxing silence. As he ate, Dream felt his phone buzz in his pocket. Normally he wouldn't spare a thought, but multiple more followed the first. Only one person he knew would text multiple times. *Damn Sapnap.* Dream was focused on what his best friend could possibly want that he didn't notice George scarf down almost all his food until he looked up.

"Oh my God, George," Dream said, pausing the repeated action of shoving french fries into his mouth. "You were really hungry, you didn't eat breakfast did you?" George only shrugged before taking a sip water. "That's not good, you should have eaten this morning."

"Didn't want to spoil my appetite," he offered simply. Dream deadpanned. "What?" George laughed. "It's fine, I don't eat much in the morning anyway." The blond shook his head before taking a few more bites and sliding his plate across the table to George.

"I'm full," he said, shuffling across the booth and standing up. "I'm gonna use the restroom real quick." George nodded before returning his attention to eating. Dream pushed open the heavy wooden door and walked to the corner of the room before taking out his phone. As expected, he was met with multiple texts sent by Sapnap from about ten minutes. They ranged from 'DREAM' to 'OH MY GOD PLEASE CALL ME RIGHT NOW'. Dream felt a pang of anxiety creep up his spine as he moved his thumb to unlock his phone and navigate over to his friend's contact number. He picked up on the second ring.

"Dream!" Sapnap practically shouted from his end of the phone.

"What is it?!" He said, tone more hushed than the raven's.

"You're not gonna believe it," he said. A shuffling noise was heard from the other end of the call before he continued speaking. "Patches just scratched at my door, so I opened it and she's actually wanted to cuddle with me. She never does that!" Dream would have believed his excitement if it wasn't for the stupid chuckle that he received after he stayed silent for too long.

"Fuck you Sapnap." Dream pinched the bridge of his nose between his thumb and pointed finger. "I hate you so much. For a split second I genuinely thought that something was wrong." Another fit of laughs was sent his way.

“How is your date going?” Sapnap asked once his breathing was under control.

“It's fine I guess, we are eating lunch now. We should be leaving soon, so we will probably be home in a hour and a half or so.”

“Ooo! Pick up something for me while you're there, I don't want anything that we have here.”

“Are you an idiot?” Dream scoffed. “Why would I do that? Goodbye Sapnap.”

“Wait please I'll pay you-” The blond pressed the end button and shoved his phone back in his pocket with a sigh. He exited the bathroom and his eyes promptly fell on the booth that George was sitting at. George however, was no longer alone. The black haired worker from before was standing to the side of the booth, back facing Dream and talking to the brit about something- whatever it was didn't matter. Dream approached the man from behind, but instead of asking to get by he waited patiently for him to stop talking.

“-that's nice of him,” was the first thing he heard the man say as he approached. George smiled and moved his eyes beyond the raven-haired man to Dream. It was then that the worker turned around and noticed the other. “Sorry about that, just checking to see if you needed any boxes.”

“No worries.” Dream offered a smile, but it wouldn't take a genius to know it was fake. After a awkward second passed, the worker left to go back to the front of the cafe. The taller turned back to George who took a final sip of his water before standing up. “You ready to go?”

“Yes.” Dream started for the door first, and George followed. They both stayed silent until they exited the cafe.

“So,” Dream said, extending the “o” at the end as he fell in step with the other. “Who was he?” He bumped George on the shoulder attempting to put on a playful tone, praying his jealousy wasn't obvious. George shook his head.

“I strongly dislike that guy,” he said with a huff. That was not the answer Dream expected, but he was definitely wasn't complaining. The silence prompted George to further explain. “I go there a lot, so he began to recognized me a while back. After a couple times of him serving me or whatever he approached me and asked if I was interested.” George sighed, tilting his head back slightly as they walked to the car.

“I assume you said no?”

“Yeah, I turned him down. Not for any particular reason though.” He seemed to think about it for a moment. “Yeah I'm not sure why, but I'm glad I did. I don't think it would have worked out. Gut feeling.”

Dream let out a laugh, suddenly feeling a lot lighter about the whole situation. He couldn't help but feel a splinter of hope. George didn't exactly say that he was gay, but being straight wasn't an obvious reason listed for him turning the man down. “Poor guy, he's totally still into you.”

“Yeah, I don't want to be too mean to him so I tried to be nice. When you went off to the bathroom I told him I was dating you.” A smile spread across the brit's face as he focused on Dream. It was *that* smile. Mischievous and way too cute that it almost gave the other a heart attack.

“That's so evil.” Dream shook his head. “It was the perfect lie though.” He really hoped that at some point in the future it wouldn't have to be a lie.

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

bro i was gonna write last night but I had a full on break down thinking about how at some point everything is gonna end. like damn brain lets calm tf down

anyways i wrote all of this on one sitting and i am now dead so ima upload and then pass out :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George stared ahead blankly. Ideally, he should be focused on what his professor was saying. Instead, he let his eyes rest on the whiteboard that was filled with writing in various different colors (he only knew this because the man had explained certain parts of the sentences would be written in red and green), retaining none of the information what so ever. It was his English class; arguably one of the worst classes. It was relatively simply class to pass, especially when you have learned the same thing for the past few years. But it was that reason made it very, very boring. At least the core classes like math and English were given in large auditorium looking thing, making it impossible for his professor to see who was paying attention and who wasn't – not like the guy cared anyway. Like many of the other students, he completely tuned out the monotone voice.

George removed his gaze from the writing on the board that was probably important to his computer screen. He spent much of last night working on getting the blue prints of the bank, and to his surprise he was successful. The website was relatively weak, making it easy to get into without having to physically be at the bank. To his delight, the process was made even simpler when he found the separate employee log in page. It was stupid, really. You would think they would have some sort of protection on the website. To be fair though, there wasn't a lot of valuable information. Besides the files that contained the map and layout of the building, nothing else seemed very helpful. Unless Dream and the others wanted a list of worker information or the one of many WiFi passwords, it was useless info. Not that George cared though, it made finding the blueprints a lot easier.

There were about four files in total, each labeled with what looked like random letter combinations. It probably wouldn't have taken a lot longer for the brunet to find if there hadn't been a tab labeled "building layout" in all caps. Whoever designed the website practically handed the files over on a silver fucking platter. All George had to do was run them through a file converted and then he was done. So, that's how he chose to spend his English class. Converting files into a readable image to give to a group of criminals, a timeless favorite of his.

He dragged the last of the four into the converter and watched as the bar at the bottom of the window that he assumed was green slowly grew. While he waited, he momentarily considered printing them out in the university library. They had a nice color printer that allowed larger paper, but that might look suspicious. Some random kid in college printing out large maps of bank worth more than half the population wasn't usual. At least George didn't think so. He leaned back in his chair, forcing his gaze to look to the professor who explained something that the brit couldn't care less about. He looked at the clock that hung on the wall behind the man. It was far too small to see the exact time, but that didn't stop him from closing his laptop and shoving it in his bag. As if one cue, a loud beep was heard and everyone began gathering their items. He felt a bit of sympathy for

the professor who tried to get the last of the important details in, but no one heard him over the shuffling and murmuring of students. Something about test next week, but that was the last thing on George's mind.

George threw the bag over his shoulder and made his way out of the building, relieved to be outside instead of in the stuffy room. He made a mental schedule in his head as he walked through the courtyard of the campus. First, he would finish converting the last file. Second, he would show them to Dream who had no idea that George already got them. And lastly, he would spend the rest of the day with Dream and Sap. It became a regular thing for the three of them to spend their spare time together. They would play video games, share stories, watch some crappy British reality show, anything really. No matter what it was, they were able to find something entertaining about it and spend the next few hours of their life joking and screwing around.

He smiled fondly at the thought. A few weeks ago he would still be at his apartment, sleeping and spending his free time by himself. Sure, him and Bad would do stuff with one another, and George adored the time they would spend together, but it was never as entertaining. Part of it was most likely due to the fact that their schedules never matched up, however Sapnap and Dream were always home.

He was pulled from his thoughts as he reached the front door to the shared flat. He dug into the pocket of his pants and retrieved the spare key that he had been given before unlocking the door. The second he opened the door, he was met with the smell of food. His stomach let out a noise in response, probably wondering why George had decided to neglect it this morning. He quickly moved inside and shut the door, then turned his head to be met by two figures standing in the kitchen.

“Welcome back,” Sapnap said, only moving his gaze up to George for a second before focusing back on the pan that rested on the stove.

“George,” Dream started as he took a few strides over to the refrigerator, “go put your stuff upstairs and then help us.” George hastily moved up the steps, dropped his bag on the bed, and then went back downstairs. He hadn’t realized he was this hungry while he was at school. He walked over to the stove that the other two were crowded around, immediately identifying the food.

“Pancakes?” George asked with a laugh. “It’s like, noon.”

“And?” Sap said, shoving his elbow into the brunet’s side. “You’ve never had brunch?”

“I’m not complaining, just starving. When will they be done?” George surveyed the counter to see if there was any food that he could snack on in the meantime.

“Well, if you help us they will be done sooner,” Dream said. The blond grabbed the container of blueberries and dropped a few into the batter that Sapnap stirred. George dragged his socked feet across the kitchen tiles, sliding over to tallest. He snaked his arm in between the two and fished out a few blueberries. “Wh- George no,” Dream laughed before turning to face the mentioned. “No more, we won’t have enough.” George made an exaggerated pout face and then made an attempt to grab more. Dream simply raised the container above his own head, letting a smirk rest on his face.

“Dream!” George exclaimed in mock annoyance. “That’s not fair.”

“Just grow,” the taller said simply, provoking a laugh from Sapnap.

“Sapnap, don’t laugh, you’re barely any taller than me.”

The raven turned his head and eyed George. "Still taller." George shook his head before taking a few steps back, opting to wait until the food was done. There was already a stack of pancakes sitting on a plate next to the stove, it looked like Sapnap was making the the last few. George decided to grab a few plates and utensils and set the table. By the time he set everything down, the last pancake was added to the stack. "And, done." The tanned boy placed the plate in the middle of the table and sat down, Dream doing the same. They all took a few, adding the toppings of their choice before digging in.

"Wow," George mumbled through a mouthful. "They are actually really good."

"Thank you," Sapnap said in between bites.

"I was the one who actually made the batter," Dream mentioned, looking up from his already half empty plate.

"It doesn't count if it came in a box, Dream," George scoffed as he shoved more food into his mouth. His stomach was probably thankful for some sort of food, even if it was doused in syrup. It most likely wasn't the most healthy option for his first meal but as long as it tasted good he was more than okay with it. "You just had to add a few things, you didn't actually *make* it."

"What? No, it totally counts—" Dream was cut off as George jumped up from his seat.

"I forgot, I have something to show you guys," the shorter said as he quickly ran up the steps. George snatched the laptop out of his bag and made his way back down into the kitchen. He shoved his plate off to the side and made room for the device before opening it up, slightly out of breath from the small sprint. Dream said something about being in a hurry but George focused on the off-colored green bar that was just seconds away from reaching the end. Not soon enough, the conformation window popped up on his screen, indicating that the file was fully transferred. Sapnap looked like he was about to say something, however George turned the laptop around to face the two at the the other end of the table.

"What is that?" Dream asked, raising an eyebrow. The screen had four documents on it with names that didn't even look English.

"Click one." George smiled, knowing that the pair's confusion wouldn't last very long.

"Why? Is it gonna tell me how I'm going to die or something?" Despite his own words, the blond moved his hand up to the track pad of the laptop and hovered the mouse over one of the files.

"Oh my God, just click it." Dream and Sapnap both leaned in as the former double tapped the document. George watched as the light on their face's from the laptop screen changed from a bright white to a darker gray, meaning that the file was loaded. The brit let out a laugh as the other two immediately recognized what they were looking at.

"Woah, you got them?" Sapnap asked even though he was looking right at them. George nodded and let out a giggle. *They look like kids in a candy store.*

"When did you get them?" Dream said, looking up from the laptop for a split second before focusing again.

"Well I couldn't sleep last night and I didn't want to do any homework so, yeah." Dream offered an affectionate (or what George hoped was affectionate) smile and then began to click a few times, presumably opening one of the other documents. "Honestly, I wasn't expecting to be able to do it from the apartment. I went into it thinking that it wouldn't work, but at least I would know for sure

so that we could set up a day to go back to the bank." Dream took one last look at the blueprints before shoving the laptop back to George.

"I was looking," Sapnap scoffed.

"We will have plenty of time to look later, no need to memorize everything now." Dream returned his attention to the now cold pancakes, and George did the same. The brunet shoveled the last few bites into his mouth and then grabbed his plate and set it next to the sink. The blond followed him and rested his plate beside the other. Sapnap still sat at the table, eating the last of his food. George looked at Dream who was staring back at him. Seeming to both get the same idea, George grabbed his laptop before they bolted to the stairs.

"Thank you Sapnap, it was very good!" George said, scrambling to not fall as he almost tripped over the first step.

"What about the dishes!?" Sapnap piratically yelled. By the time he finished the short sentence however, they were both up the stairs.

"Whoever cooks, cleans," Dream shouted from the hallway. Both Dream and George piled into the latter's room and slammed the door behind them. After they both caught their breaths, they fell into a fit of small laughs. They heard a muffled 'you bastards' from the kitchen, eliciting an iconic wheeze from the taller. George really didn't feel guilty for stealing a couple glances as the man before him doubled over in an attempt to regain control over his laughing. After a few moments, Dream righted himself and wiped away a stray tear in the corner of his eye. The sun shone through the small window at the side of George's bed, reminding him of when he spent the entire car ride to the bank simply staring at Dream. Thinking back, he's surprised that the other didn't notice.

"Can I see the laptop? I'm gonna email the files to myself so we can print them out later." George nodded and handed the laptop over to Dream who situated himself at the end of the shorter's bed. George was about to join him when a scratching noise was heard from the door.

"Patches!" George said, swiftly opening the door to let the cat in before closing it once again. In a few strides he made it over to the bed and leaned against the headboard, Patches now joining the two of them. She made herself at home in George's lap, letting out a low rumble of approval as he pet her gently.

"It's really not fair. My cat loves you more than me." Dream said, still faced away from the pair as he typed something in on George's laptop.

"Rightfully so." George saw the other's shoulders shake in amusement before he shut the laptop and moved up the bed to sit next to him. George kept his gaze fixed on the cat, focusing on how his fingers threaded through her fur. The simple task became extremely difficult when he felt Dream's eyes staring into the side of his head. Part of George liked the silent attention, the other felt like he was going to die with how fast his heart was beating. After a few more seconds, George willed himself to say something before he passed out. "Your name." He looked up from patches and met a pair of yellow eyes still staring at him intently. "What is it? There's no way its actually Dream." It was a question that had been on his mind for some time now. He's not sure why he didn't question it when he first met everyone. *Dream, Sapnap, Techno... did they all come up with those themselves?* Maybe the initial shock of everything made their names the least important thing on George's list.

"It's a nickname I gave myself when I was younger. Same as the others'. Wilbur's is normal, though you could have guess that." Dream momentarily looked down at his cat. "My real name is Clay." He looked back up at George with an expression that the brit couldn't quite place.

“Clay,” he tried. George squinted as he stared at Dream, trying to put a familiar face to the new name. “I like Clay. Do you not?”

“It’s not like I hate my name,” Dream snorted. “It was a name I made up when I was younger, for games and stuff. Since then, Sap and the others have pretty much always called me by it.”

“You knew Sapnap when you were younger?”

“Yes. We met when we both lived back in the US, however we lived in different states. Sapnap lived in Texas, I lived in Florida.” Dream leaned his head back against the bed frame and looked up at the ceiling as he recalled his childhood. “We met when we were in middle school, through Minecraft.” He laughed at that. “We would play together all the time. He was my best friend even before we actually met,” he paused and looked back at George. “You know, we used to have this stupid idea that one day we would become famous YouTubers.”

“Really?” George asked, a small smile forming on his lips.

“Yeah, we thought we could make Minecraft videos and get super popular. Not sure how we thought that would have gone well.”

George let out a chuckle. “How did you make it over to the UK?”

“Sapnap and I met Wilbur through the game as well. Once Sap turned 18, we wanted to leave our parent’s a live on our own. Wilbur’s older than us, and at the time he had much more money than we did. Basically, we leeched off of him and long story short, here we are today.”

“Wow, you have lived a colorful life.” George shifted his eyes from Dream to the wall straight ahead. “Before I met you guys, I lived a very boring life. Honestly, you guys are probably the best thing that has happened to me. It’s not like I was depressed or anything,” George said, removing his hand from Patches to vaguely gesture before returning it to her head. “It was just the same old thing over and over, nothing new. Ever. What we are doing now, isn’t exactly legal, but I’d say its better than having nothing to do with my life besides school.” George hesitated before continuing. “Even if this is temporary.”

It wasn’t something that George had thought much about. In the back of his mind, he knew that once they pulled off the heist and all was good, he would go back to his old life. However, now that he actually said it out loud, it hit a lot different. At some point, which could be sooner than he thought, he will be back at his old apartment. It will be nice to see Bad and his cat again, but he was gonna miss this. He would miss not only the people, but the feeling of working towards something. The feeling of having a purpose. But his mind focused on the first point. The people. Would he still be able to talk to them? Or would he just have to completely disassociate with them? That was something that Wilbur hadn’t mentioned when he talked about it.

What about Dream? George was fully aware that his little crush would never work out in the end, but he hadn’t thought about not being able to see him. It would be more than enough if he was able to still stay friends with him even if Dream didn’t like him back. Not that George planned on telling him. *Hell no.* George mulled over the thought of not being able to see any of them, specifically Dream and Sapnap. Throughout the whole process, he has become good friends with them. It hurt to think that one of these days he would loose them. Sure, they would still be here, but it wouldn’t be the same. George looked back over to Dream who looked as if he was zoning out as well.

“It is temporary,” he mumbled, his voice a bit uneven. He said it to himself more than George. The brit was able to identify a flicker of sadness in his eyes as he said it. George felt his stomach churn, he really didn’t like this feeling. As if a switch was flipped, Dream snapped his attention back to

George and plastered a smile on his face. There was still a look of uncertainty and uneasiness to him, however George knew not to push it. He didn't want to think about it anymore either. "Well, do you wanna watch some of our old videos?"

"Wait, you still have them?" George asked, glad for the distraction.

"Well I mean, we uploaded them to YouTube and haven't deleted them since. I do have to give you a fair warning though, they are awful."

Chapter End Notes

dream and sapnap thinking they could become famous youtubers? pff, whats wrong with them, how foolish

hope ya'll are having a good day... do those missing assignments!! <3

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

bro my wifi went out so i couldnt do hw. pros and cons:

pros: i dont have to do hw today. i can write instead. i can sit around all day.

cons: i have to do double hw tmrw

sounds like a win to me

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Today was a very important day. George couldn't focus on anything while he was at college, his mind always wandering away from the task at hand. Today George and "the boys", as he's started to call them, have a meeting. It was a couple days ago that he was able to successfully get the maps of the bank for them. Dream had printed them out and gave them to Techno to look over and apparently all was well. They would be running over plans and ideas for the big day. George wasn't sure what would be happening, all he knew is that he didn't have to get *directly* involved. He's sure the others have some sort of idea of what will be happening.

George was so deep in thought on his way back from university that he almost missed the flat and walked right by. He shoved the door open and stepped inside before dropping his bag at the bottom of the stairs. When no one let out a "welcome back" or "hey", he assumed everyone was upstairs in their respective rooms. As he walked into the kitchen to get a glass of water, he noticed two unfamiliar pairs of shoes by the entrance to the living room. He moved to the opening and popped his head into the room, letting out a noise of surprise.

Two unknown people – kids he dare say – sat in the room. There was a brunet dressed in a a yellow shirt, similar to the loud color that Dream wore often, except darker. The brunet was sitting in one of the chairs, staring intently at his phone. He was considerably shorter than George, which made him feel a bit better, even if he was a lot younger. He had no idea how tall Techno was, but he had a feeling he would tower of George like the others did. Draped out on the long sofa was a blond boy and he definitely looked taller than George. He seemed to be sleeping soundly so George made his best attempt to walk into the room without making too much noise. The brunet notice him and sent him a warm smile.

"Hello!" He said, not seeming to care if he woke the other up. "My name is Tubbo, and this is my friend Tommy." Tubbo stood up and tapped Tommy on the shoulder. "Tommy, get up, someone is here."

The blond let out a string of curses before he finally opened his eyes and moved into a sitting position. He looked at his friend with a confused look before his eyes found George standing awkwardly. "Who the fuck are you?" Tommy said, and George winced. Tommy had a very obnoxious voice. It wasn't so much that he was loud, but his native accent mixed with the tone in his words seemed to create an annoying sound.

"I'm George." When silence stretched out for longer than the oldest liked, he continued. "I'm the one they got to code?" He tried.

“Oh!” Tubbo exclaimed, still smiling. “Good to meet you, I’m glad they were able to find someone who can code. We help them out with some of their heists,” he explained.

“What?” George said with a mixture of disbelief and confusion in his voice. “You’re literally kids.” He really shouldn’t be surprised with anything at this point.

“And you’re literally an average college student who’s so hungry for money he decided to join a group of criminals.” Tommy snapped in a mocking voice. The way he said it sounded mad, but something told George that’s just how he talked.

“Wh-” George stared as Tommy’s expression changed into a pleased one. “So you do know who I am?”

“No, but it wasn’t hard to guess.” Tommy smirked and Tubbo gave an apologetic look to George.

“Tommy,” a deeper voice came from the kitchen. “Don’t be rude to George. He was nice enough to help us out.” Wilbur walked into the room and faced George. “He’s always like that, don’t let it get to you. I’m still waiting for the day that he comes from school with a black eye for running his mouth like that.”

“Oi, I can hear you, you know!” Wilbur only snickered and motioned for them to follow him.. They were led down into the basement where Dream and Sapnap already were. They sat on the couch, both hunched over and focused on the TV screen in front of them, PS4 controllers in hand. George had been down in the basement multiple times, usually it was to play video games with the two of them. It wasn’t the scary basement at your grandparent’s that was dark and smelled of mold. It was actually quite nice. There were two TVs, a few couches and a large table without any chairs in the middle of the room. To the left was a refrigerator with multiple different beverages; most of the drinks were alcoholic and George had an itch to try some of them. “Okay, everyone should be here,” Wilbur called.

“Great,” a monotone voice called from the table. George hadn’t even noticed the man standing there. He wore an unreadable expression on his face as he looked at the four maps that sat on top of the table. Techno. Though he had heard his voice a few times throughout the past week or two, this was the first time the brit saw him. The first thing George noticed was the guy’s hair. To him, it was a gray color, however he was able to tell that it wasn’t a natural gray. After a moment of going through his thoughts, he remembered that he was told Techno had pink hair.

“Hey!” George quickly removed his gaze from Techno to the source of the outburst. “I was about to win you asshole!” Sapnap said, giving Dream a shove.

“Well, everyone is here!” Dream said back, barely managing to get the sentence out between wheezes.

“You could have let me win the game first.” The raven-haired boy tossed his controller onto the couch. “You turned it off because you know you’re no match for me.”

“Whatever you say.” Dream glanced around the room until his eyes found the small group of people. He offered a quick greeting to Tommy and Tubbo as he walked over before he turned his full attention to George.

“Hello big man, did you kn-” Tommy spoke until he realized that Dream was completely tuning him out.

“Hey George,” the American said. “How was school?”

“It was alright.” George would be lying if he said he wasn't pleased with how Dream gave him his full attention. “Tiring, but that's how it always is. I much rather be here with you guys.”

George felt like he might die on the spot when Dream gave him the biggest smile. “And we would rather you be here with us as well.” As they made their way over to the table, he heard Tommy refer to Dream as a “fuckin' prick” under his breath. George couldn't help but let out a silent laugh that the teenager didn't seem to notice. They all gathered around the oval table as Techno continued to look at the maps. George stood to the left of Sapnap and Dream followed, taking his place right beside George. George liked the way Dream moved as close as he could, standing until they were touching shoulder to shoulder. It made him feel somewhat special compared to the others. It was a stupid thought really, and it would only make it harder for him let go of his little crush but in the moment he couldn't care less. Wilbur, Tommy, and Tubbo stood at the other side of the table across from George.

“George,” Techno began. The brunet moved his gaze from the maps up to the man's eyes. “Thank you for joining us.” The words alone sounded formal, but the way the man spoke made George feel quite comfortable. He was a bit intimidated at first, but the feeling quickly left. “I'm impressed with these.” He laid his index finger on one of the maps.

“Oh, no problem,” George responded, feeling a bit of pride bubble in his chest.

“First, lets run over basic roles.” Techno turned around and pulled a large white board on wheels that George hadn't noticed before closer to the table. There was a basic sketch of the bank on the middle of the board. The pink-haired man began to write out everyone's names to the side of the diagram. “Me, Sapnap, and Dream will be the ones to actually go into the vault.” He wrote the word “vault” next to the three names. “Wilbur will be a driver for one of the cars.” He stared at the board for a moment longer before turning to face the table. “George, do you know how to drive?”

“No.” George shook his head. Techno produced a thoughtful hum.

“Okay, we will get Phil to drive as well.” Techno added “Philza” to the bottom of the name list. George hadn't heard of him before. He would ask Dream about him later.

“Phil?” Wilbur spoke in a quizzical tone. “You sure he won't be busy? He always seems to have something going on.”

“He won't be,” Techno said in a matter-of-fact voice. “At least he won't be when we offer him money.” He continued to stare at the board, seemingly deep in thought. “Tommy and Tubbo.” They both perked up at their names being called. “I have two jobs for you both.” George saw Tommy's lips stretch into a devilish smile from the corner of his eye. “Each night we went to bank, there were two guards outside the doors. I want you to knock them both out at the same time. I don't care how it happens, as long as they don't suspect anything and have no time to call backup.”

“That makes sense, what's the second job?” Tubbo chimed in. George had only met the boy a few minutes ago but he couldn't see him hurting a single soul; he looked too kind.

“After you take care of the guards, you are going to follow us into the building. I've looked at the maps and it looks like the vault is underneath the building.” Techno pointed to the sketch on the white board and circled one of the corners. George was able to recognize it as the area behind the counter, probably the one behind the door he remembered seeing a few days ago. “There is a stairwell in the back leading to the vault, and I want you two to follow us down. We will hand you anything that we grab, and you are to take it to the top of the stairs. There is a door back there that leads to the employee parking lot. We will have a car parked out there and I want you guys to shove the money in.”

“So we have to do the dirty work of running up and down the stairs with our arms full?” Tommy crossed his arms over his chest defiantly. The remark earned him a slap on the shoulder from Wilbur.

“It’s important, Tommy,” Techno said, voice falling flat, not bothering to look at him. “George, you will stay in one of the cars near the bank. You can get into the cameras through the WiFi, right?”

“Yeah, it may take a couple minutes to set up though.”

“That’s fine. I want you to monitor the cameras in and outside of the building. Wilbur will stay in the car with you and if you see anything concerning, tell it to Will and he will report it to us. Who knows, they might have guards on the inside too.” Techno proceeded to draw two boxes on the board. “We will have two cars. I want Phil to drive me, Sapnap, and Dream along with the money.” He wrote the mentioned names in one of the boxes. “And Wilbur will drive George, Tommy, and Tubbo in the other.” He filled out the second box before turning back around to look at the table. “Now, there is always a chance that things won’t go as planned. I’m not saying that’s likely, but it’s something we have to plan for.”

George stiffened at that. *Of course there is a chance of something going wrong*, he thought. It would only make sense, what they are doing isn’t looked up upon. Dream must have noticed George’s body behavior. The brunet could feel the man’s eyes burning down into the side of his head.

“Our top priority is making sure that George, Tommy, and Tubbo are innocent.” Techno looked between the three of them before continuing. “The fact that all three of you will be in the same car will help in case something does happen. The story is, we kidnapped you guys. We kidnapped George because he can code and he’s here helping us against his will.”

Dream leaned down and whispered into George’s ear with a huff of amusement. “He’s only half wrong.” Oh fuck. George could feel the blond’s slightly chapped lips move against the shell of his ear as he spoke. This is poor, poor timing for the brit to be thinking about this. If George thought that was hot, he didn’t want to know how he would react if the other spoke... *different* words in the same low, slightly raspy voice. After a second too long, Dream pulled away to focus back on Techno. *George please focus*. He practically begged himself.

“When George was walking back home from university, Tommy and Tubbo were walking near him. We took all three of them to avoid anyone reporting it to the police. It’s as simple as that, but make sure we all have the same story.” Everyone gave a nod or hum in agreement. “Alright, good. I plan on having the car with George right outside the bank, however I want the guards down before you pull the car to the side of the street or parking lot. I recommend you let Tommy and Tubbo out of the car around the corner so they don’t see you.” The last sentence was directed to Wilbur. “Once the guards are no longer an issue, you are good to pull up next to the building.” Techno turned back around and gave one last look at the board, taking everything in. “As of right now, I think that’s a pretty good base plan. Of course a few things will need to be worked out. As of right now, the date for the heist isn’t set. It will have to work around Tommy and Tubbo’s schedule. Oh and Phil’s. I should call him about that now.”

The man threw his head over his shoulder and waved his arm out in a dismissive manner at the table, everyone taking it as a sign to leave. Wow. That was a lot quicker than George had expected, but he wasn’t complaining. Once they reached the top of the stairs, Tubbo turned to face the group.

“Well, Tommy and I should get going.” Tubbo said, encouraging Tommy out of the door. “Our parents are probably wondering where we went off to.”

“Do you need a ride? You could get home faster,” Will offered.

Tubbo shook his head. “Our parents aren’t very fond of you to begin with. They wouldn’t like it if they knew we were with you. We will just say we grabbed some food on the way home,” Tubbo explained as he opened the door. “Thank you for the offer though. Bye George, it was nice to meet you!”

Once the door was shut, George couldn’t keep in his curious thoughts. “Do their parents know about... this?”

“That their kids help a group of adults commit various crimes? No, they don’t have a clue and we rather keep it that way. They think I’m a ‘bad influence’,” Wilbur mumbled, a hint of sadness in his voice.

“Well, they aren’t exactly wrong.” Sapnap said as he rummaged through the refrigerator.

“Who knows, maybe there will be enough money at this bank for us to start over. Maybe we can live normal lives, you know?” Dream said, momentarily moving his hand to cup Wilbur’s shoulder.

“That would be nice,” Wilbur agreed. The man sighed before making his way up the stairs, most likely off to his room. George felt bad for him in a sense. It hadn’t occurred to him that just because they were used to this life style, didn’t mean they liked it.

Once Wilbur was out of earshot, Dream elaborated a bit. “Wilbur holds Tommy and Tubbo really close to his heart. Kind of like siblings. They are a huge help when it comes to this stuff but he feels a sense of guilt about dragging them into all this, even though they were the ones who offered.”

“I see.” It made some sort of sense, even if George couldn’t put it into words. “Tommy is quite the character.” His remark prompted a laugh from both Dream and Sapnap that he was grateful for. “So, when do you think we will actually do this? The robbery?”

Sapnap pondered for a moment, slowly chewing whatever food he had found in the fridge. “We usually go through with the plans a week or so after we make them. Because this is a larger one, I’m going to guess two weeks.” George’s stomach twisted into a nervous excitement at the words. Two weeks was far away, but at the same time it was right around the corner. “Until then though,” the raven said, swallowing his mouthful of food, “we can screw around and do whatever the hell we want.”

“I told Sapnap that one day we should follow you to college and stalk you in all of your classes. See how long it takes you to find us,” Dream stated.

“No! I would totally see you right away. There’s no way I wouldn’t notice.” George laughed, trying to get the thought of the two of them staring through the glass windows out of his head. “Dude that’s creepy, they would probably throw you out or something.”

“We won’t know until we try.” He teased, giving George a look out of the corner of his eye. No matter how many times Dream did that, the voice, the look... anything really, George could never get used to it. He let himself believe that maybe there was something between them, and that maybe he wasn’t just reading too deeply into things. So what? If it made him happy now, why not just pretend. It’s not like it will last forever anyway. Why crush his dreams now when it will happen eventually. As long as he can keep it to himself for the next two weeks, everything will be alright. Surely he can do that.

Chapter End Notes

guys its almost chirstmas break :D pull through, you can do it! <3

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

enjoy the 5k chapter :D usually they are from 1.5k-3k so its a bit longer this time

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George was fucked the moment he took a sip of the cheap, but surprisingly strong beer. He was never a good drinker and he really should have known his limits, but he's only a college student, what would you expect? If Sapnap hadn't been the one to mention the liquor fridge downstairs, George probably would have anyway. The brunet didn't particularly like drinking alcohol (maybe he would if he tried real liquor and not gas station beer) but he liked the floaty feeling that came after. It became apparent very quickly that he and Sapnap weren't all too different; it took only one can for the both of them to start feeling a little it lighter.

On the other end, however, Dream seemed to be able to hold his liquor very well. Maybe it was the fact that he was a lot taller than the other two so he didn't get drunk as easily, but regardless George was anxious. He figured if they all got drunk it wouldn't matter if he ended up doing something a bit embarrassing, no one would be in their right minds anyway. But George quickly realized that he was wrong. Dream wasn't nearly as tipsy as the other two were.

"I cannot believe you guys are already somewhat drunk," Dream snorted. He scrolled through his contacts, looking for the number to the pizza restaurant a few blocks down. "We probably should have eaten dinner before drinking."

"Probably." George watched with amusement as Sapnap struggled to find the remote that was buried somewhere in the couch cushions. With a look of triumph, the boy held up the device to the TV., pressing the power button multiple times before the screen responded.

"I'm gonna go change and call for some pizzas. I'll pick them up myself, they take too long to deliver," Dream said as he headed to the steps. "Don't drink anything else until I'm back. I don't want you guys drinking on an empty stomach. It shouldn't take more than 30 minutes."

"Whatever dad," Sapnap mumbled. Once Dream was out of sight, the youngest snatched the half full beer can off of the coffee table and drank greedily.

"Wh- Sapnap!" George quickly grabbed the almost empty can from the boy's hands. "Did you hear a think Dream just said?"

"Yeah, but it doesn't matter if I wait or not, I'm gonna drink it eventually."

George blinked, processing the statement. As much as he didn't want to admit it, Sapnap made a point... but, that doesn't change the fact that George prefers not to clean up any vomit. "No more. Technically, you're not even supposed to drink." The taller of the two only shook his head, fully aware that the other was right. "Find something to watch until he gets back. I'll grab some waters." George set the can back down, not leaving until he was sure Sapnap would leave it be.

He turned to the opposite corner of the room where the mini-fridge sat, buzzing in a random pattern. As he walked over, he passed the large table where they had all met at a couple days prior.

The maps still laid out on the table for anyone passing by to look at. George glanced up at the white board and noticed a few new side notes Techno must have written, none of which made any sense to him. Something about Wilbur having small-scale explosives somewhere. He shrugged, not exactly drunk but definitely not thinking properly enough to make sense of anything else that was jotted down on the board. He grabbed a couple water bottles from the fridge, resisting the urge to grab another beer for the time being.

He carefully maneuvered he was back to the couch, desperately trying to hold onto too many bottles at once. He squinted as he allowed his eyes to adjust to the brightness of the weird war movie on the screen. It was a bit too bright, especially compared to the dim lights and random neon sign that you would find at a bar that hung on the wall. He's not even sure how they managed to get the sign, eventually he came to the conclusion that they most likely stole it. Yeah, that sounds about right.

“What are we watching?” George spared a glance at the T.V. before opening one of the water bottles and taking a sip, wincing at its freezing temperature.

“Not sure, just something for background noise,” Sapnap stated his voice almost seeming sober. He shifted his position on the couch until he faced the brunet. The sudden attention made George a feel a tad uneasy, but maybe that was just the beer talking. “I know I'm like, kinda drunk right now,” Sapnap chuckled, “but do you wanna talk about Dream?”

George looked up at the other, expecting him to elaborate. “Huh?” *What is he talking about?* He thought, taking another drink of his water.

“Dream, you like him.”

George had to stop himself from choking. *Oh.* He really was not expecting Sapnap to be that straight forward about it. Was he really that bad at hiding these things? “How could you tell?”

“Dude, you really didn't just ask me that. It's so obvious.” The raven snickered as he grabbed one of the many water bottles on the coffee table. “I mean, yes it was obvious, but I still wasn't sure. You just confirmed my suspicions though.” A smirk tugged at the younger's lips. George could practically see his ego inflating.

“Well then, there's nothing else to talk about.” Surprisingly enough, George wasn't as embarrassed as he thought he would be while having this conversation. In all honestly, he might even say it was nice to get it off his chest. He hasn't talked about it to anyone, nor has even said it out loud to himself.

“I wouldn't say that. Well, what are you gonna do about it?” Sapnap inquired.

“Oh, that's what you meant.” George didn't really say it as a question, but the American nodded his head anyway. The shorter took a second to think about the question even though he had already decided the answer a while ago. “Nothing,” he said simply.

Sapnap seemed taken aback. It was a look George didn't think he had seen on the other before. “What, why not?”

“It's not like I'm staying here forever, you know?” George didn't want to dwell on the idea anymore, he thought about it too much. “At some point, I won't be with you guys anymore. I'm attempting to not get in over my head about the whole thing, which is incredibly fucking difficult by the way. Dream's awful fake-flirting skills are just the worst.”

“You say that like they aren't working.”

“Shut up, I don't wanna hear it.” The words seemed harsh but they came out in a laugh. A couple seconds of silence followed, and George wondered if he was supposed to say something else until Sapnap cleared his throat.

“Listen, I'm really not sure how this whole thing will work out. We've never had help from someone else like this before, so I really don't know what is going to happen after the heist.” Sapnap paused, seeming to choose his next words carefully. “However, I have known Dream for a long time, I know what he's thinking. I don't know if he's gay or bi or anything like that,” George seemed droop at the statement which caused Sapnap to swiftly continue, “but, I do know that he really likes you. A lot. I can't tell you anything for sure, and I don't wanna be responsible for anything that might happen, but I think you should tell him.”

George thought about it for a moment. It was slightly reassuring to know that maybe he hadn't been imagining some of the smaller moments, but at the same time it made his heart ache. In a sense it hurt to know that he might like him back since they still didn't know what would happen a week or two from now. “It makes me happy to know that there *might* be something there, but I still can't tell him. Like you said, who knows what will happen after all of this.” He waved his hand, gesturing to the white board full of notes on the other side of the room.

“George,” Sapnap said, scooting closer to the other on the couch. He grabbed the brit's shoulders and look him dead in the eye. George could smell the alcohol on him, but he didn't even care; he could tell Sapnap was being genuine with him. “There isn't anything Dream wouldn't do for you.” They both stared at each other for some time, allowing Sapnap's words to settle in. Was that true? George desperately wanted to believe what the man in front of him just said and quickly threw away the thought that Sapnap was just saying it to make him feel better. Of course it was true, Sapnap wouldn't lie to him. Not about this. “That being said, he would drop this whole lifestyle if it meant he could still see you. Whether that be as friends or boyfriends, he would do it if you wanted him to.”

George wasn't given anymore time to think. By the time Sapnap let go of his shoulders, the front door slammed and Dream emerged from the steps with two boxes of pizza in his hands. George was grateful to finally get something other than cheap beer into his stomach. Dream set the boxes on the coffee table before saying something about napkins and running back up the steps.

“You're special to him, George. Just consider it, okay?” George only nodded, not wanting to stress his brain any further. He should probably think about this a different day. Preferably when he isn't planning on drinking way more beer than he should.

“Okay!” Dream announced his return and tossed a paper plate to each of them. He set down a whole stack of napkins and opened one of the pizza boxes before looking up at the others with a wide smirk. “We eat pizza and then get absolutely wasted.”

Maybe it was the way the T.V. lights bounced off his face. Or the way the alcohol gave the blond's cheeks a darker color. Or the beer in his own system. George didn't know. What he did know, however, was that he was staring more than he usually does. It's not like he could bring himself to care though. He admired the way Dream's eyebrows furrowed as he concentrated on video game in front of him and how his pupils were blown a bit wider than usual. George sat against the armrest of the couch, facing more towards the blond who had separated him and Sapnap earlier so he could “sit next to George... and Sapnap I guess.” Dream's words not George's.

“No!” Sapnap let out an unholy screech. George turned his head to look at the screen just in time to see Sapnap’s character fall into the massive lava lake. Dream dropped his controller into his lap and covered his face with his hands. Despite his mouth being covered, it did nothing to stop the breathy wheezes he was emitting. George smiled as he watched Dream attempt to breathe properly and Sapnap make an exaggerated sigh. Turning back to his portion of the split screen, George threw some gold at the piglin in hopes of getting more pearls. Once the three of them had made it to the nether, they decided to split up. George offered to do pearl trades while the other two found the fortress and killed blazes.

“I can’t believe you fell!” Dream said, finally seeming to have his breathing under control. For the past hour they had done nothing but drink and play Minecraft, a game that George quickly learned they played a lot. A few days ago the three of them created a world on their laptops, but they were too lazy (and drunk) to go upstairs to retrieve them. Instead, they opted to play on the console. George preferred the PC version of the game, finding it way easier than trying to move the joysticks and press the buttons all at once.

“Shut up, I didn’t think the blaze would shoot me!” Instead of coming back, Sapnap resorted to collecting more iron in the over world. While waiting for the ore to smelt, he picked up a beer can which probably wasn’t his and finished it off before tossing it to the side.

“I should have taken your blaze rods,” Dream said, running his character dangerously close to the edge of the fortress path. He soon arrived at the portal and followed George’s torch path to where he sat, waiting for the piglins to give him something of use. “Any luck?”

“None,” George said. Not that it really mattered anyway. They were all probably going to close the game soon and find something else to occupy their fuzzy minds. Once they logged off, George knew they would most likely never play on the same world again. Each time they played, they always created a new one.

“Once this guy trades the last gold lets go back through the portal and hunt down Sapnap.” Dream suggested.

“No, don’t you dare,” Sapnap warned. “That’s not even fair, two against one?” The raven-haired boy looked to his right and saw both men wearing mischievous smiles. Seeing that he was probably about to meet his death once again, he rushed to gather resources.

After receiving another few blocks of obsidian, George sprinted to the portal with Dream at his heels. “Dream and I are coming Sapnap!” George let out a drunken giggle as he caught sight of Sapnap scurrying across the plains biome. As the two approached the fleeing man, Dream stopped. Noticing that the blond’s character had seized it movements, George looked back to find him leaned over Sapnap and whispering something inaudible in his ear. Sapnap tossed his head back in a laugh once Dream stopped talking to him. “What?” George asked.

“You better run George!” Dream shouted, loud enough to wake up Techno and Wilbur on the top floor. George scrambled to place his fingers on the proper joysticks before guiding his character in the opposite direction of the other two.

“Dream! You fucked me over!” Taking a glance at their screens, George was slightly relieved to see them somewhat far away. Being able to see everyone’s screens gave him an advantage but also a disadvantage as the two could see exactly where he was as well. Dream and Sapnap were both terrifyingly good at the game, and though George was as well, he was no match for the both of them. Deciding his best course of action was to make an attempt at hiding, he ran around the backside of a small hill. He quickly dug a two block hole into the ground and covered the top with dirt. He shifted, making sure the two wouldn’t be able to see his name tag. His screen was

almost pitch black if it weren't for the hot bar filled with items on the bottom, rendering it as useless if the other two were to look. Hopefully they were far enough away that they hadn't seen him hide.

“Where did you go George?” Sapnap slowed his character to a walk and turned in multiple directions, making an effort to find the blond's hiding place. “Are you in a cave?” Dream once again leaned over to whisper something to Sapnap who nodded his head in response. George focused on opening his inventory and grabbing some of the obsidian to block them off just in case they found him. The other two stayed silent for a moment, both walking too close for comfort to George's hiding spot.

George was so concentrated on trying to form a plan that he didn't feel the large hand snatch the front of his shirt. Once it registered in his brain that someone had grabbed him, he hastily shifted his gaze to the figure in front of him. He was met with a pair of green eyes fixed on his own. George's eyes widened when he realized how close Dream was. He had his right hand in a tight grip around George's shirt while the other was planted next to the older's legs, supporting his weight. This wasn't the first time the blond had looked at him this closely. He remembers he did this within the first few days they met, eagerly asking what color his eyes looked like to George. The energy was a bit different this time. Dream made no move to speak, instead he continued to study George's face as if he were trying to take in every detail.

The brunet admits that he does like the attention, but it doesn't mean that he's used to it. He feels his heart rate speed up the longer the silence continues. Dream still has a hand on his shirt, and George is sure the man can feel the steady increasing rhythm within his chest. George dropped his gaze to the light freckles that dusted the slightly tan cheeks. He takes note in the way they are more dense right below his eyes and how the distance from dot to dot spreads out farther when they reach the area around his nose. He lifts his eyes back up to see the man still staring, however no longer into his eyes but somewhere lower on his face. George admires how there's streaks of hazel within the seas of green surrounding Dream's pupils.

It felt like they were staring at each other for hours. Coming to the conclusion that Dream wasn't going to talk anytime soon, George spoke up. “Hi,” he said dumbly before cringing. *Really? Hi?*

“Hey.” Dream moved his lips into a smile and George wanted nothing more than to feel them against his own. It wasn't a new thought for him. He's thought about kissing the blond – as well as doing multiple *other* activities – before, but it was different now that the opportunity presented itself. Should he kiss him? What was he supposed to do in this situation? For the second time that night, he wasn't able to think anymore before he was cut off.

“Yes!” Sapnap hollered, throwing an arm into the air. At that same moment, Dream broke their intense staring contest to look at the screen. George followed his eyes and was met with the “you died!” message displayed proudly on his portion of the screen. *So that's why.* Feeling slightly annoyed, George shoved the blond off of his lap a tad harsher than intended. “You didn't even see it coming.” Sapnap's character dropped down into the hole where George had been moments before, collecting all of his hard-earned items.

“That's not fair at all,” George said, feeling a little bad about letting some of his anger seep into his words. As quickly as the feeling of guilt seeped into him, it left. He has a right to feel a little upset, not about the game, but the blond's strategy. Something about Dream messing with his apparently “obvious” feelings ticked him off. *No, no it's fine, they were just messing around.* George sighed. “Whatever. Sapnap, give me all my shit back.” He pressed the respawn button and moved his character to where the raven's was. While Sapnap handed back some of his stuff, George leaned forward to the table and grabbed a random half-full can to drink from.

Dream has messed with him many of times before, it's really nothing new. It was all good and fun, and George didn't mind it in the slightest. Usually Dream's smile or laugh would make it apparent to George that it was just a joke. This time though, it definitely seemed a little unfair. Especially since the look on Dream's face was so convincing. George wasn't sure if he was more mad at the other for practically tricking him, or at himself for believing it.

Dream must have noticed the slight anger in his voice because he has stayed silent since, refusing to make eye contact. Sapnap seemed to be too drunk to even notice, which George was grateful for. He opened his inventory and saw that mostly everything had been returned and decided to direct his character back to the makeshift house. George picked up his phone which had somehow fallen into one of the gaps in the couch. He was met with a few notifications, none of them important, and the very late time. 1:17 AM. Thankfully he didn't have school tomorrow, otherwise he totally would have skipped. George doubts he would wake up early enough, let alone feel good enough to get out of bed.

“It's pretty late,” George stated. They should probably all get to bed before they end up drinking everything in the mini fridge. Plus he just wanted an excuse to go think. George transferred all of his items into one of the chests before logging out. “We should probably go sleep.” Sapnap hummed in agreement before logging off, Dream following. Sapnap stood up from the couch and stretched. He looked down at the mess they had all created. Between the beer cans and napkins, along with paper plates and the large pizza boxes, they had quite a bit to clean up.

“We can clean up in the morning,” Sapnap offered. “Honestly, my head hurts and I'm too tired.” Dream stood up as well, walking over to T.V., to turn it off. “I'm gonna head up,” Sapnap announced.

George quickly grabbed one of the full water bottles off the table as well as his phone before following after the younger, not wanting to be left alone with Dream. “Me too.”

“Right,” is all Dream said as the other two went up the stairs. Once George made it to his room, he stripped and threw on some night clothes, not bothering to brush his teeth. He crawled into bed and switched the lamp on his nightstand off. The darkness of the room really felt nice against his eyes in contrast to staring at the bright screen all night. As expected, the second he hit the mattress he felt a wave of tiredness wash over him. Unfortunately for him, it didn't last very long.

Just as he felt his eyelids begin to drop, a soft knock at the door was heard. The door slowly creaked open, and with it came the brightness of the hallway light. George slowly sat up with a groan of annoyance and reached to turn on the lamp again. Based on the height of the figure that stood in the doorway, George knew who it was and really didn't want to deal with this right now. George winced once the lamp next to him burst to life. It took him a couple of blinks before his eyes had adjusted enough to properly see the man in front of him. He looked... nervous?

“Hey George.” Dream entered the room and turned around to close the door, taking extra time to mess with the handle. George chose not to say anything. “Sorry, you were probably trying to sleep, weren't you.” George nodded. He probably wasn't making this any easier for Dream but he really didn't feel like talking until he needed to. In his defense, he was still trying to pull himself from his sleepy state. “Ah, sorry about that.” Dream let out a nervous laugh and rubbed the back of his neck before walking a bit closer to the bed. “Uhm... well,” he mumbled, looking around the room desperately while trying to think of the correct words. “Did I- are you upset with me?”

“A little bit, yes.” George looked down at the white comforter that was still pulled over his lap. He messed with the stitching, wanting a distraction. Where is Patches when you need her the most?

“Was it, like, too much?” Dream took another step closer.

Too much? No, it wasn't enough. George wouldn't dare so that though. "Well, no not really." George continued to stare down, unsure of what to say. He didn't want to lie necessarily, but neither did he want to tell the exact truth. "It's just... the fact that you did that over a game?" He tried, hoping the blond would understand what he was trying to get at.

"I see," Dream said, finally looking at George who still wouldn't meet his eyes. "So you wanted me to."

Now it was George's turn to act nervous. "Wait, no- what?" George stuttered as he felt his face heat up. Suddenly the way the stitching on the bedspread frayed at the end became very, very interesting.

"Did you want me to kiss you?" Dream came to stand at the side of George's bed and crouched down, balancing on his toes. Now that the taller was lower he could tell just how much George was blushing. It was encouraging to Dream to know that he was on the right track. "Answer me, George."

"Yes," George croaked out. His whole plan was to not say anything along those lines. For weeks he told himself that these stupid feelings would never be made known to Dream. And just like that, everything was out the window. His hands flew up to his face even though hiding wouldn't change anything. George had no idea how he was able to go from mad to flustered so quickly.

"Look at me." George immediately dropped his hands back into his lap and finally looked at the blond. Dream was almost surprised with how fast he listened, but he definitely wasn't complaining.

Dream stared into the brunet's eyes for the second time that night and George felt that there was a different purpose to it. Before George could talk himself out of it, he closed his eyes leaned over until their lips crashed together. Their mouths moved in tandem, seeming to speak the unspoken. It was sweet and tender and more than George could have ever hoped for. Without separating, Dream carefully moved until he was on the bed, hunched over the smaller man with a leg on each side of George's. George could taste the alcohol on the other's lips, but he figured he wasn't any better. He wouldn't trade it for the world.

After a few long moments, they separated and panted into each other's mouths. George opened his eyes to find the taller looking back at him, eyes half closed. Probably too soon to get a reasonable amount of air back into his lungs, George grabbed Dream's shirt and pulled him back down. This time, Dream rested a hand on the brit's chin and tilted his head upwards, eagerly biting at the brit's bottom lip. The other opened his mouth in response and a warm tongue instantly invaded. George let out a small noise without his own permission causing him to become slightly embarrassed. Dream gave a groan of his own which George took as encouragement, letting the breathy sounds fall freely from his lips.

As their tongues slid against one another, George moved his hand from the front of the other's shirt to the back of his head. He gathered a fist full of blond strands when Dream moved his mouth downward, leaving a damp trail where it traveled. He peppered the underside of George's jaw with soft kisses, eventually making it to the man's neck. Somewhere in the back of George's mind he wanted Dream to sink his teeth into the juncture of his neck until it left an indent. He wanted to wake up in the morning and see the bruising mark displayed on his skin. As much as he didn't want to, he pushed that thought to the back of his head, not wanting too get carried away.

Instead, Dream continued to gently plant his lips against the soft flesh of the man's neck. Eventually, the blond forced himself to pull away. He looked at George and decided he would have to memorize every detail of the image. Brown hair stuck up at awkward angles while he struggled to keep his lust-filled eyes open. His cheeks were given a red tint and his wet lips were somewhat

puffy from the mild abuse. His chest rose and fell sharply, attempting to regain the much needed air.

“God George,” Dream muttered, “you might kill me.” He removed himself from George and laid down on the bed next to him. As much as he would like to continue, he didn't want to end up doing something that he might regret. Especially when they just got done downing multiple cans of beer. “You're probably tired, yeah?” Understanding, George lifted up the covers to the bed and Dream slipped in next to him. The brunet reached over to turned the lamp off *again* and shifted to face the other. It was pitch black in the room, so George resorted to reaching out with a hand to try and identify where the other was. Once he figured it out, he let himself snuggle up into Dream's chest. George was pleased when the other wrapped his arms around him. It made him feel safe. It was a complete 180 turn compared to how he felt just minutes ago, but he couldn't bring himself to be upset anymore. “Goodnight, George.”

“Goodnight.”

Chapter End Notes

uhhh did i do good? ive never really written this stuff LOL

anyways, just finished some of my finals BUT i have 1 month to finish a semester's worth of french work. pray for me ya'll

have a good day, ily all <3

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

MERRY CHRISTMAS

new manhunt YAY go watch, was very intense :D

also, gogy's cat is now named Cat. at some point, i will edit the earlier chapters where he is mentioned

ALSO THANK YOU FOR 600 KUDOS AND 10K HITS YALL ARE AMAZING

George was in a shitty mood the next morning. There are many reasons for this.

Number one, he woke up with the worst headache he's ever experienced. The dull light seeping in through the window was enough to make his head throb. He was thankful that it was particularly cloudy out so that the sun wouldn't shine directly in. When he woke up, the memories from last night flooded his mind. Even though the splitting pain that was piercing his skull, he was able to smile as he recalled the events, but the joy didn't last long. They played throughout his mind in order, the most recent memory had been Dream falling asleep next to him. Which leads to point number two of "I fucking hate everything."

Dream wasn't next to him. It's not like the man was obligated to stay until he woke up, but why wouldn't he? Where did he go? George's first thought was that he had somewhere to be, but then he remembered this is Dream he was talking about. Dream sits at home all day, and definitely does not wake up earlier than he needs to. If George's post drunk state was anything to go off of, Dream must have been feeling at least a little bit hungover as well. Point being, why the fuck was he not in the bed with him.

Deciding to take care of himself a bit, George had drank half the water bottle that sat next to him on the nightstand and pushed any bad thoughts to the back of his mind. Thank God he thought to grab a bottle last night. Afterwards, he rummaged through his clothes and got out a clean, comfy outfit before heading to the shower to rinse off. Showers never really woke him up, instead the heat just made him sleepier, but George felt gross and decided it was necessary. Once he was done, he changed and brushed his teeth before heading downstairs to get something to eat.

Once he reached the kitchen, he was met with a very tired looking Dream who was lazily scooping some of his cereal into his mouth. This leads to point number three. The blond didn't seem to notice George's presence, but if he did he chose not to acknowledge him. It wasn't until George grabbed a new bowl for his own cereal that Dream looked up from his food.

"Oh," was all Dream said. *What the hell, George thought. Fucking "oh"?*

"Good morning to you too, Dream," George said instead. The taller offered him a tense smile before turning back to his food. Okay, now George was a little worried. Dream leaving in the morning when he didn't have to and barely talking to him could have been coincidences. They very well could have been. However, considering what happened last night, George was skeptical about that theory. But whatever, maybe he's just hungover too. He decided to give him the benefit of the

doubt, grabbing his cereal and sitting down at the table across from him. "How did you sleep?" Maybe he could get him to talk.

"I practically passed out right away," he mumbled in between rushed bites, "but my head really hurts now."

"Same." George shoved a few mouthfuls of food in and his stomach thanked him almost immediately. "I haven't gotten that drunk in such a long time." As soon as the words left the brunet's mouth, Dream's face morphed into something of clear discomfort. Fear? Guilt maybe? George wasn't give much time to study his expression before the blond decided he had eaten enough.

"Ah," Dream said in acknowledgment. He set the still half-full bowl on the counter next to the sink before retreating upstairs.

George felt sick. That was not something Dream would normally do and it didn't take a genius to realize that something was up. He was able to come to the conclusion that everything was in fact not coincidence. Though George had no real idea as to why he was acting so weird, he couldn't help but think it was his fault. He slowly chewed on the food that he no longer wanted to swallow as he replayed last night over and over in his mind. *What did I do?* Surely he did something wrong, but what was it. For as drunk as he had been, George remembers everything perfectly. How could he not? After thinking about everything at least five times, he couldn't figure out what went wrong.

Then why? George groaned and pushed up from his seat and set his bowl next to Dream's. *This isn't fair.* Honestly, George was sick of the up and down pattern he had been experiencing the past few weeks. The second something good happens, it comes back to bite him. Then, he gets his hopes back up just to be brought down again. George was tired and weak. Emotionally and physically, but he couldn't give a shit about the latter at the moment.

As he walked back up to his room, he tried not to notice how Dream's door was closed instead of cracked open like it normally was during the day. Why did this have to happen? George went to sleep happier than he had ever been in a while and woke up to all this. Before entering his room, he looked back at the door firmly shut across from his. He felt a sudden wave of anger overtake his emotions. George wanted to open the door and talk – no, scream – at the other, but he had half the mind to recognize that wasn't the best approach. Instead, he turned back to his own room and slammed the door behind him. George winced a little at the loud noise, but didn't feel bad at all. He knew Dream heard it, you'd have to be deaf not too, and hoped the it would annoy the other.

It was one of his few days off from school. Normally he would spend it at around the flat and hanging out with Dream and Sapnap, but it was apparent that wouldn't be happening. Rather than wallowing around and feeling sorry for himself, George decided to go out. To get away from his thoughts, just for a day. Where, he didn't know. He slipped on his socks and shoes and didn't bother to change out of his sweats. It's not like anyone would care anyway. He grabbed the apartment keys off his desk and snatched his phone from the bed. George took a look at the lock screen and saw his daily message from Bad along with the attached cat pictures.

He was specifically told by Dream at the beginning of his stay that he couldn't see Bad until everything was over. Oh how George wanted nothing more then to spite the other. He navigated to his friend's contact and pressed his thumb to the "call" button and waited until the other picked up before leaving his room.

"George!" Bad said from the other end of the phone.

The second the brit heard the other talk, he opened his door. "Hey Bad," he began flatly. "I was

wondering if you were busy or not right now. I have some free time, and I haven't seen you in a while." George purposefully talked loud enough for Dream to hear him as he walked down the hallway. Bad could probably pick up on the aggressive tone in his voice. George would have to apologize later.

"What? I thought you were with family, don't they live some ways away?"

George had an itch to stop lying to his friend and tell the other everything – partly due to his current anger and the other portion due to him genuinely feeling guilty. He pushed down the idea and chose the safe response. "They do live quite far, but I had to come this way for..." He paused to chose his next words carefully. "My family is visiting some old friends. I already asked my parents if I could spend some time with you though." *That's the worst lie you've come up with*, George scolded himself. For a moment he pondered as to why Bad didn't question how he got to his family's when he first left. He literally just walked out of their apartment with a suitcase and there was no car waiting for him out on the street. He was grateful the other didn't think too much of it, but it just reminded George of how he would have to create a solid story to tell the other. He made it down to the kitchen and vaguely heard footsteps from the hallway upstairs as he opened the front door.

"Oh George, I have a class now and another later," Bad said in a disheartened tone. "I'm not sure how long you can stick around, but my last class is done at 5?" George shut and locked the door behind him before moving the phone away from his ear to check the time. He had to squint in order to read the number, too lazy to adjust his screen brightness once he was outside. 10:13 AM.

"Yeah that works for me, just won't be able to stay too long if I want to get back home at a reasonable time. I'll meet you at school, just text me when you get out."

"Oh my goodness, yay!" Bad said, voice getting a bit higher with excitement. "I can't wait to see you!"

George couldn't stop himself from smiling, even when he was in such a horrible mood. Bad never failed to cheer him up. "Can't wait too see you too." They exchanged their goodbyes and George shoved his phone back into his pocket. *Okay, only seven hours to kill*. Technically, he could go back inside and wait until his friend was done with his classes, but Dream would definitely hear him. He considering going to a local restaurant or something, but he wasn't hungry in the slightest and they would most likely kick him out if he didn't order anything.

Realizing his options were very limited, he decided to walk around the area a bit. For the first few minutes, it was nice to get out and have no real destination to go to, however with his awful eating and sleep habits, George became tired relatively quickly. He's pretty sure after circling one of the blocks multiple times, one of the shop owners was bound to call the police on him. Instead of taking his chances with the cops, he turned the corner and headed to his university. As long as he stayed on the opposite end of the campus, Bad shouldn't run into him.

For some reason, luck decided to be nice to him. He was able to find an open spot in the nice loft area. George settled into the leather chair and let out an exhausted sigh. *Okay, only six and a half hours to kill*.

For what seemed like days, George mindlessly scrolled through the various apps on his phone. After God knows how long, he turned his phone off as not to waste the battery and was suddenly left alone with his thoughts. Again. He was frustrated and almost felt exposed. George had put himself out there. In his eyes, it was practically a confession. Last night he was almost convinced the feeling was mutual, but this morning they didn't even feel like friends. Yeah, it hurt, but maybe it was supposed to happen like this. Maybe this was the clear (or not-so clear) "no" answer that

George needed in order to get over this whole thing.

Eventually, George got the long awaited text from his friend stating that he was done with classes and they could meet up at the main entrance. The brunet peeled himself out of comfortable chair which he hadn't moved from since he first sat down and began his journey to the front courtyard. As expected, Bad was already there, turning his head in every direction to find George. Once he successfully laid his eyes on him, he jogged over and pulled the other into a hug. George hadn't realized how much he missed the other until now.

“George! It's so good to see you, how have you been?” Bad pulled back from their hug and looked at his face. “You look tired?”

“Yeah, I am.” He stopped himself from stating how he got drunk and made out with someone who practically “left him on read” the next morning in real life. “I've been having to keep up with classes online. I'm struggling to understand some of the newer concepts.”

“Aw, I'm sorry.” Bad patted him on the shoulder sympathetically. “It must be rough between school and family.”

George wanted to cry. Bad is the sweetest human being on the planet, and here George was lying straight to his face. “Thanks Bad, but don't worry too much. Things should be back to normal soon.”

“Glad to here it! So, do you have anything in mind?” They began their from the school, passing the familiar business buildings and local shops.

“No, not in particular.” George felt his phone buzz in his pocket. The lock screen was filled with texts and missed calls. Most from Dream, but a few from Sapnap. He didn't remember getting anything when he was sitting and waiting, but many of the notifications were somehow from earlier. He tapped the notification and was redirected to the text app.

Dream

Where the hell are you

11:37 AM

Dream

I heard you on the phone, you didn't actually go, did you

12:45 PM

Dream

You definitely went, where are you

George?

2:18 PM

Dream

You've been gone a while

3:57 PM

Dream

George, if you don't tell me I'll go get you myself.

5:08 PM

George felt some sort of guilty satisfaction when he read over the messages, having no intention of returning them. He only shrugged, not bothering to read any of Sapnap's and put his phone away. “I

don't really care, I just wanted to see you," George finally responded. "Oh! I would love to see Cat as well!"

"Of course! I'm sure he misses you. Let's just chill at the apartment until you have to go," Bad suggested. Honestly, George couldn't complain. He was tired and didn't have the energy to stay out in public much longer. They pulled up to the apartment, his *actual* apartment, and he immediately searched the house for his cat. He finally found the animal curled up on the sofa. The cat jumped to its feet and rubbed its head against George's hand, encouraging the man to give him attention.

"Hey buddy, I missed you." After spending some much overdue quality time with Cat, George rummaged through the fridge and made himself something to eat. He hadn't eaten since the morning and the half bowl of cereal was no where near enough food. He's not sure how he didn't pass out. After

eating as much as he could, he and Bad watched some awful cartoon on the way too small T.V.

It was nice to be able to talk to his friend, yet difficult not to slip up and mention something that he shouldn't. He really wanted to vent and let everything out. Bad was the best listener. He would never interrupt and he would always agree with whatever George had to say. Instead, they talked about Bad and what he had been doing in the last few weeks. Apparently he started tutoring some kid in his spare time and picked up a few extra bills. Everything seemed to be going good for him.

George has been in his own little bubble since he first moved in with the others. Sometimes he forgets that planning a huge heist with a bunch of people isn't exactly normal.

"-and I told him, Skeppy, you can't keep-" Bad's story was interrupted by a loud knock at the apartment door. "I'll go get it, give me a second." Bad excused himself and walked over to the front door, almost tripping over his backpack that sat in the middle of the room. George busied himself with petting Cat while he heard muffled voices from the next room over. The brit found himself smiling when the cat let out a low rumble of affection. "Hey George," Bad called, "Someone is here to pick you up!"

Who the fuck- Oh. Well, George managed to escape the shared flat for a whole day. He probably should have realized that Dream wasn't kidding about coming to get him. The whole point was to get away from him for a little while, and now the blond is here and reality came with him. "Give me a second!" He gently moved Cat off of his lap and gave him a few pats before moving to the door, slightly upset that he couldn't spend any more time with him.

Sure enough, there stood the Dream in all of his glory. "Hey George," the man quipped. "It's time to head back." How Dream was able to make the sentence sound completely normal, as if there wasn't any tension between the two, George will never know.

"Bye Bad." George hugged his friend before passive aggressively shoving past Dream to get outside. "It was good to see you, talk to you soon!" George heard Dream mumble something to Bad and then the sound of the door shutting. He was out all day, but it really wasn't enough time to catch up with his friend.

"George."

George didn't respond. Dream jogged to catch up next to him and gestured to the street where the man's car was parked. George wondered if the American had to search multiple places before finding him, otherwise he shouldn't have a need to bring his car. The two apartments were only a few blocks away. Silently, the shorter got in on the passenger side and stared out the window while Dream entered the driver's.

“George.” Once again, George kept his mouth shut, worried for what might come out if he were to talk. It was a three minute drive and the majority of it was filled with the forced silence. Finally, Dream spoke up again. “What the hell were you thinking?”

“What is it to you?” George gave in and snapped back, briefly looking the other dead in the eye.

“Because, you could have screwed everything up! You know you’re not supposed to go see anyone else right now, you aren’t stupid.” Dream pulled up along the street next to the apartment and shifted the car into park.

“You’re right. I’m not, but you sure are.” It felt so fucking good to yell back. George had only been keeping his rage in for a day and it was eating him up inside.

“What?” Dream asked, almost taken back.

“You fucking heard me.”

Dream stayed silent for a moment, staring at the other. It looked as if he had made an attempt at not yelling back, but it seemed to go out the window. “What is wrong with you?” Dream yelled back and followed up with an unbelieving, sarcastic laugh.

“Oh, what’s wrong with me? Me, Dream?” George said, flailing his arms around before unbuckling his seat belt.

“What-” Dream paused for a moment as George opened the car door and began to get out. “Why did you leave for like, the entire day?”

“You aren’t stupid,” George said in a mocking tone, mimicking the other’s words. “I think you know why, Dream.” With that, the brunet slammed the car door and hustled his way into the flat, only slightly surprised by the fact that the door was unlocked. He breezed his way up the steps, feeling high on adrenaline. He made it to his room, closed and locked the door, and jumped into his bed.

Come morning, he would probably hate himself for pretty much every single life choice he made up until this point, but he didn’t want to think about it anymore. He surprised himself when his heart slowed back down to a normal tempo and his eyes began to droop, his body thanking him for finally resting. Between barely eating, coming back from a hangover, and the constant stress of everything, it had been a rough day. He was unable to dwell on anything any longer as sleep began to flood his body and his brain finally took a break from thinking.

Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

another *longer* chapter O.o this one ended up being about 4.2k so YAY

The next morning after George and Dream's little fight, the brit's life changed quite a bit. The two weren't exactly on talking terms, only ever talking to one another if they absolutely had to, even then they would get Sapnap to be their messenger.

Not having to talk to the other comes with pros and cons, and George can't decide if \ones better than the other. On the pros side they barely talk, meaning it's a lot less awkward than it could be. On the cons side, he's left alone with his thoughts. It gives him ample time to think about everything and anything, however most of the time its the man hes avoiding. It also feels like he's lost his best friend, which he supposes is true. At least with Bad they were still on excellent terms and exchanged multiple texts throughout the day despite being apart. With Dream, it was none of that. Maybe the cons outweighed the pros.

George still has Sapnap though. He feels a little guilty about how they spend a lot more time together, only because Dream doesn't want to talk to him. He loves Sapnap dearly and hopes the raven-haired male doesn't see himself as a fallback or second choice... even though that's essentially how the whole situation has played out.

Another major change took place. George was beginning to enjoy school. Maybe "enjoy" was an over statement. He still hated the work, the concepts, and the people he had to interact with. He just liked getting out. Most of the time he spent at the apartment was in his room, only a couple steps from Dream's. It was like a looming shadow, constantly haunting him every time he passed the other's bedroom door. George didn't have much of a social life, in fact he didn't have one at all. School was the only place that he could go other than his actual apartment with Bad, but he didn't want to risk screwing up the plan.

He had been a bit selfish by going to see his friend when he got mad, but it's not like he regrets it. He was happy to finally see his friend as well as Cat. The best part of all is that it seemed to thoroughly piss off Dream. Even though it happened almost a week ago, the memory of Dream's slightly shocked expression when George yelled back was painted vividly in his mind. The argument played on loop in his mind constantly. It probably wasn't the best thing to be thinking about all the time, but he's come to realize that as hard as he tries, it will never leave his mind.

"George, what about this?" Sapnap asked, holding out a pack of sliced meat that you would put on sandwiches.

"Sure, I don't care," George shrugged. It was yesterday that Sapnap had brought up the fact that George was barely eating anything anymore. It's not like the brunet was doing it on purpose or anything, he just genuinely lost his appetite. Sapnap had noticed and become slightly worried for his friend, dragging him out of the house and to the store the next day.

"Well if you're not going to actually eat it than I won't buy it." Sapnap sighed and put the small package back down in the refrigerated section. "What do you want? If we buy stuff you aren't interested in you most likely wont eat it."

“Everything that I actually want is junk food and-”

“-and I won't let you get it,” the taller finished the sentence for him. “If you had to pick a favorite fruit, what would it be?”

“Probably strawberries.” George was never big on eating fruit but good strawberries almost tasted like candy. He supposes he can tolerate them.

“Okay, good that's a start,” Sapnap said, pushing the empty cart over to the fruit section.

The rest of their time at the store was filled with small bickering about what George would and wouldn't eat. Surprisingly enough, they ended up walking out with a good amount of food that looked at least somewhat appealing to George. With the past week being a little rough, he has to admit that he appreciates Sapnap's concern. He's also extremely grateful that the other hasn't mentioned anything about Dream. Usually when Sapnap notices something, he brings it up and uses it to his advantage, however that wasn't the case this time around. Sapnap is full of himself, but he's also an extremely caring friend and he definitely noticed how the brunet had been acting off.

George isn't sure if Sapnap knows what exactly happened though. He hasn't told him, and he doesn't think Dream has either. If George is being completely honest, he doesn't even know if Dream has been talking to Sapnap a whole lot lately. Usually he can hear the two of them from down the hall or most of the time he'll get back from university and find them both laughing in the living room, but none of that has been happening lately.

Since last week George has only seen Dream talk to him with his own eyes once, and even then it was only asking if they should order food.

As the two of them walked through the parking lot, plastic grocery bags in hand, Sapnap got a call. It turns out all four of them can drive, although Sapnap is a little reckless. The raven hastily handed off one of the bags to George so he could answer the phone.

“Hello?” George tried to focus on who or what the other person was saying, but that was proven impossible in the busyness of the parking lot. “George and I are just at the grocery store. We are about to head back.” He stayed silent for a moment, listening to what the person on the other end of the line had to say. “Yeah sure, we will be back in about ten minutes.”

“Who was that?” George inquired once Sapnap hung up.

“Will wants us to pick him up and take him somewhere,” he answered as he unlocked the car and began shoving the bags in the back seat while George climbed in up front. “Said he doesn't feel comfortable going alone, whatever that means.” The last statement made George a little nervous, although Sapnap didn't seem bothered. “You don't have to go with us if you don't want to, I can drop you off back at home,” he offered upon seeing George's slight discomfort.

“No, it's alright, I'll go.” Sure it made George nervous but he really didn't want to be back home completely alone with Dream. He doubts the other would leave his room anyway, but he rather not take his chances with anymore unwanted attention. Techno would be there, but the man is pretty much non-existent during the day.

“You sure?” Sapnap spared him a glance before looking over his shoulder to back out of the parking space. “I'm sure you'll be safe and everything but I don't want you to feel nervous.”

“Don't worry, it's fine,” George reassured the other. The rest of the short ride back was filled with

Sapnap's attempt at singing and strange little dance moves he could perform without letting his eyes leave the road. Soon enough, they pulled up to the street outside of the flat. Once the car was in park, Sapnap ordered George to take the groceries inside and retrieve Wilbur.

“What, no you help me! I'd have to make two trips,” George complained. Sapnap only stared at his phone and shook his head. “Dude, this was your idea, come help.”

“You're right, it was my idea,” he said, still staring at his phone, “and I paid for everything, so you can unload it all.”

“You're a fucking idiot,” George huffed grabbed a few bags from the back and taking them inside.

To his dismay, a certain blond was sat at the kitchen table eating something and scrolling through his phone. George made a point to completely ignore the other's presence even when he could feel his eyes burning through the back of his skull. He quickly went back out to the car and grabbed the rest of the bags before returning, never looking over to the table. He set the groceries on the counter and pulled out the items that require refrigeration and shoved them into the fridge, leaving the rest to sit near the sink.

George almost walked back out before suddenly remembering his other task. “Wilbur,” he called from the bottom of the steps, hoping it was loud enough to be heard from the very top floor. “We are going, come on.” That definitely grabbed Dream's attention. George could see the other stiffen and shift out of the corner of his eye, however he still stayed silent. The brunet heard a loud thump from up above before a voice answered back.

“Give me a moment!” Wilbur called. “Just go to the car I'll be out there in a second.”

George didn't bother to respond back, instead he turned to face Dream who was still staring at him. George thought the other would look away when he made eye contact, but instead he continued to gaze at him. He only stared for a second before turning and leaving out the door, his face becoming slightly colored. *George, you're really just the worst*, he thought to himself before audibly groaning. Even while he was pissed at Dream, he still managed to make him react like that.

George shuffled back into the passenger seat and found Sapnap, unsurprisingly, in the same position as he left him. Wilbur was quick to follow out of the apartment, shutting the door and jogging over to the car. He made a displeased face when he saw that George had taken the front seat and made sure to voice his annoyance once he got in the back.

“George, any interest in swapping seats?”

“No,” George quickly shut him down. Wilbur made a dissatisfied noise in which George laughed in response.

“Why not? You're like, 5'2.”

George scoffed and looked at him through the front mirror. “It's not my fault you're a giant,” he shot back before quickly continuing, “and I'm not that short.” The friendly bickering caused all three of them to chuckle. George suddenly felt very grateful for his friends the second time that day. Even though he wasn't extremely close with Wilbur, he was still a valued friend.

Will leaned over the center console and imputed the location in the car's GPS, all while Sapnap made some snarky comment about himself being “a shit-ton taller” than George. Eventually, they were back on the road again. This time, it was not just Sapnap singing but Wilbur too. Surprisingly, Wilbur is very good at singing and George finds his voice to be comforting. None of them mention

anything with Dream, even though it's apparent that Wilbur knows something is up as well. Instead, the car ride is filled with good vibes and George finds himself loving every second of it.

After some time, they quiet down and simply enjoy the music on the radio. Checking the screen on the car, George notices they are only a few turns from their mysterious destination. He looked up into the mirror when he heard the crumpling of paper from the back. Wilbur had taken out a thick stack of money from God knows where and began to count the individual bills. Sapnap seemed to have noticed too and curiosity glistened in his eyes.

“So where are we going? Probably should have asked before I agreed to this,” Sapnap laughed.

Wilbur let out an amused noise and finished counting the stack of pounds before responding. “We are going to pick up some explosives,” Will said casually. George wasn't surprised about the explosives themselves, he remembers reading something about them when he was drunk, but more about how Wilbur was acting so nonchalantly about it. It never ceased to amaze him how all of this was normal to them.

“Oh. makes sense.” Sapnap pulled up in front of a small house. He checked the address of the building and then the one on the screen to make sure he had the correct place. “And you want me here because?”

“New supplier.” Wilbur took a few of the bills out from the stack and placed them on the seat next to him. George's eyes widened comically when he noticed the large number on them. “They tend to be a little pushy with the prices and what not, it's just nice to have someone else,” he said as he wrapped a rubber band around the stack. “Hoping to save a few extra pounds if we can intimidate the guy a bit.” Wilbur gestured to the loose bills he threw on the seat before grabbing them and shoving them unto his jacket pocket.

“George, you can come or stay, up to you,” Sapnap said, unbuckling his seat belt.

“I'll stay, if that's alright.” George wasn't necessarily scared, but he really didn't know what he was doing. He was just along for the ride at this point.

“Alright, that's fine, we shouldn't be long,” Wilbur answered. They both exited the vehicle and walked up to the front door. It didn't take long for the door to open and the two men to disappear inside. George continued to stare at the door until he got bored, thus turning to his phone for entertainment. Nothing interesting on any social media apps, but he kept scrolling anyways. It was better than staring at the tan and white house.

Eventually he zoned out, no longer focusing on the screen. Instead his thoughts wondered back to Dream for the hundredth time that week. George threw his head back against the headrest and screwed his eyes shut in an attempt to rid his mind of the blond. As expected it didn't work. Thinking about everything that has happened recently was tiring. At the end of each day, it felt like he had run a marathon. He was completely engrossed in everything about Dream. Even when George was mad at him he was the only thing on his mind.

No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't escape the man's hold. Part of George wanted to run and forget everything, the other wanted nothing more than to let the other consume him whole. It was a never ending cycle of ups and downs, and he wanted out. Whether that be by fixing things and talking like a grown adult or alternatively by continuing what he has been doing until he goes back to his old life, he didn't care. He just wanted out.

Luckily, Sapnap and Wilbur came to save the day. George heard muffled talking and footsteps from outside of the car and saw the two of them walking back. Wilbur had a large box in his hands

and a wide smirk across his face.

“George you should have totally come in with us!” Sapnap snorted as he got back into his seat.
“You missed the action!”

“Why what happened?” George hadn’t the slightest clue as to what went on in the house but based by the other’s expressions, it was exciting. He let a small smile tug at his lips as he stared in interest at the raven-haired man.

“As expected,” Wilbur spoke up, “the guy was trying to walk all over us.” The tall brunet fished out the band of money from his pocket before he leaned over and plopped it into Georges lap. It didn’t look like a single bill was missing from the stack. “At first, the guy wanted us to pay an absurd amount of money for them.” Wilbur emphasized his statement by patting the cardboard box he still held. “I know some shit about this stuff and knew that he was really overpricing them.”

“Wilbur completely schooled the guy. Not sure what he said but it sounded cool,” Sapnap chimed in. “He probably thought we didn’t know anything and could make a good sale. The look on the guy’s face was priceless.”

“He wasn’t too happy about me seeing right through him. Things escalated from there and we basically yelled for a good five minutes before the guy got all cocky and thought he could fight me,” Wilbur said with a smile. “It took one, just one, quick punch to the guys face and he was practically kissing my ass.” Will hunched his shoulders over and pretended to throw a punch at the space between the two front seats. “Didn’t even hit him hard either,” he mumbled. “I may or may not have threatened him. That doesn’t matter though, we got these babies for free.” He set the box to the side and reached for his seat belt.

“He totally threatened him. The guy looked like he was gonna piss himself.” Sapnap began to put the car into drive but stopped when he noticed George hadn’t said anything. He probably thought that they somehow freaked him out, but George began laughing.

“You’re kidding?” George struggled to get the simple sentence out. Relief flashed through Sapnap’s face and soon enough he was laughing too. “Why the hell did he want to fight you,” he said, fighting to breathe.

“I honestly don’t know,” Wilbur shrugged. “They are expensive, but not that expensive.” He shook his head, amusement present on his face.

“What even are they?” George asked, craning his neck to look at the other in the back seat. “I mean, I get that they are explosives, but what do they do?” The brunet was genuinely interested.

“Well they explode,” Wilbur said flatly, knowing what the other meant. George gave him a glare before turning to look ahead at the road. “It’s dynamite, and I got some extras for us to mess around with.”

“Isn’t this dangerous?” George questioned, not daring to get close to the red stick in Wilbur’s hand.

“Probably,” Will mumbled as he focused on attaching some wires to the end of the piece.

Sapnap scoffed. “George, just come over here. It’s not even hooked up yet, it’s not gonna hurt you.” He beckoned the shorter closer to them as he held onto the next piece of dynamite that Wilbur would soon prepare.

Sapnap had to drive quite far out from the city to get to this area. It was a small lake with a little shed like structure off to the side. George noticed there had been lots of signs posted around the area stating “no trespassing allowed” but that didn’t seem to phase Wilbur or Sapnap. They had parked the car on the side of the deserted road and squeezed through the old barbwire fence to get in. There didn’t seem to be an actual building or house anywhere near the area though, so the chances of them running into trouble were low.

Eventually curiosity got the best of George. He joined the other two inside the small shed and looked over at what Wilbur was doing. It made no sense, but he was somehow attaching long wires that were at least thirty feet in length to the ends of the dynamite.

“Doesn’t dynamite make super big explosions?” George had only ever seen dynamite in 1900s western movies that played at midnight on the old T.V. channels.

Despite looking extremely concentrated, Wilbur was able to respond. “It depends on the size. The most common forms are sticks in 100 and 500 grams.” He sighed and shoved the stick he had been working on to the side and grabbed the next one from Sapnap. “100 would be way to big. We want to be as quiet as possible and only destroy the safe, not anything else.” He began to repeat the same, confusing action of tying the long wires around it. “This guy was one of the few people who had them in 50. It still could be too big, or maybe not enough, but that’s why we are testing them.”

“Is this illegal? Owning dynamite?”

Wilbur paused his motions and looked up from the table. “Uh.” He thought about it for a while before answering. “I mean, you have to have a license for it to be legal. I don’t have one,” he said and finished tying the wire. “So yes, this is illegal. But don’t worry, no one else is out here.” He leaned over the table and grabbed a small metal looking box that was some sort of remote from inside the larger cardboard one. There were lots of different buttons and a large switch on the side of it.

“Are they ready?” Sapnap eagerly asked. His expression faintly resembled that of a kid in on Christmas morning, waiting not-so-patiently to open presents. Wilbur nodded in confirmation while he picked up the two sticks and instructed Sapnap to carry the wires so they didn’t drag on the ground. George followed behind, excitement pooling in his gut. They walked out onto the small dock that was on the lake and Will handed one of the sticks to George.

“We will do them one at a time,” he explained. George set down the piece he was given at the end of the dock and returned to the others, not wanting to hold it even though there was no real threat. It took Will a second to find the other end of the wire that was not tied to the stick in his hands, but once he did he attached it to the small box. Wilbur made a move to flip the switch, and even though George logically knew that the man wouldn’t explode it while holding it, he still winced. He heard the soft *click* noise and as expected, nothing happened. The brunet let out a soft sigh that didn’t go unnoticed by Sapnap.

“Oh my God George, you are so skittish,” the younger snickered. George lightly shoved Sapnap’s shoulder playfully. He wanted to argue back but also wanted to pay attention to what Wilbur was doing.

“Okay, you guys ready?” Will moved the stick into his right hand and bent his arm over his head before throwing it far out into the lake. The wire attached to the box in his hands gained a slight arc from the pressure, signaling the stick was as far out as it could go. Sapnap responded with an enthusiastic “yeah!”. Wilbur pressed a few more buttons and did a small countdown before hitting the largest button on the box.

Almost immediately after, a loud booming noise was heard and a good amount of water was sent into the sky. Even though the explosion was far out into the lake, a few drops made it to them and George wiped his forehead off. It was slightly larger than George expected, but it wasn't huge. He found it satisfying to watch the ripples of water form in the center and spread to the sides of the lake before dissipating. Once the initial explosion was over, Sapnap ran to the other end of the dock to retrieve the second stick.

"I want to press the button this time." He shoved the dynamite into Wilbur hands for him to prepare. Even a minute or so after, the water in the lake was still rocking and lapping gently at the edges. The tallest got to work on attaching the end of the wire to the box and once again flipped the switch on the side. He chucked the dynamite, this time it landed a little closer but still far enough way for it to be of no concern. He handed the box off to Sapnap and instructed him on what buttons to press.

Wilbur began to count down, however rather than waiting Sapnap impatiently pressed the final button half way through and once again the water from the lake was spouted upwards. Because the explosion was closer than the last, it sent quiet a bit of water in their direction. Will hissed and shielded the box from the water just before it reached them.

"George!" Sapnap turned to face the other, a huge goofy grin spread across his face. "Did you see that?" He used the sleeve of his hoodie to wipe the water from his face. Wilbur took the opportunity to snatch the box from him and switch it off.

"No Sapnap, what happened?" George asked sarcastically before laughing at the other's childish antics. The three of them walked back to the small shed and retrieved the cardboard box with the majority of the dynamite in it. As they made their way back to the car, Sapnap enthusiastically talked about how cool it would be to get some of the larger ones Wilbur mentioned earlier.

"I guess we could get bigger ones at some point and fuck around with them," he mused to himself. "Maybe I can bully the poor guy again."

The car ride back to the apartment for the second time that day was filled with upbeat songs from the radio and good nature bantering. Wilbur mentioned something about messing with the dynamite and seeing if he can get them to create smaller explosions in which Sapnap offered to help with. George was thankful for the entertaining distraction. They had been out for almost the whole day and it was unarguably more eventful than sitting at home in his self-imposed misery.

Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

LMAOOOOOO AO3 DOWN BC OF HEATWAVES HSHDWHD GOD I LOVE
THIS COMMUNITY SM

on a serious note, THANK YOU SO MUCH for 750 kudos HOLY SHIT and uhhh dre
and samsung met up pog!

George had been somewhat neglecting his homework the past few days. He did his work, but only enough to keep his grades at a B and above. If he tried even a little bit harder he could get an A, but why work harder when you're already passing? Long story short, he looked at the class syllabus and did some simple math and realized that if he wanted to keep his grade he would need to turn in some more homework. Normally he wouldn't even have bothered to look, but his English professor sent a lovely little email about how he would be accepting late work until tomorrow at midnight.

Maybe it was a full moon or something but George decided it's better to be "safe than sorry" and checked the class page for once. Thus, he realized he would need to cram in a few of the purposefully forgotten assignments by tomorrow. They weren't difficult per say, just tedious. So, the last few hours had consisted of George sitting at his desk, completing annoying assignments and bobbing his head to the upbeat music that flowed through his headphones.

In the middle of his wordless singing, George heard a knock from his bedroom door. "Come in," he said, loud enough to be heard from the other side. He quickly picked up his phone and shut the music off, expecting to be met with another one of Sapnap's lectures on whether he's eaten or not. To his unfortunate surprise, he saw Dream looking anywhere but the brunet's eyes. Even when George swiveled his chair around to face the him, the other remained quiet. The silence stretched on longer for the brit's liking. "What?" He finally asked. The words came out harsher than intended, but he didn't feel bad. George was still angry at the other and he's not sure he would let any of it go anytime soon.

Dream visibly stiffened at the words but finally looked at George, making eye contact for a brief second. "Sapnap wants you to come downstairs for a little bit," the blond mumbled, *almost* making George regret his harsh tone. "He knows you're trying to study, but he said you should take a break."

George doesn't know if he should be grateful or upset for Dream's reason to talk to him. This was the first time they've spoken in a while, and that's what he had to say. He's torn on how he should feel about it. "Fine." George sighed and waved his hand dismissively at the other. "I'll be down in a moment." Sapnap probably sent Dream in hopes of fixing their little problem. George still hasn't told Sapnap what happened, but he doesn't need to. He probably figured it out, since apparently everything between him and Dream is obvious.

George waited until Dream left before saving his work and grabbing his phone. They have already had too many awkward moments when simply walking around the house. For whatever reason, the two seem to be on the same schedule and end up encountering one another more than preferred. It's the worst when they have to pass each other in the slim hallway, neither looking up

from the ground while shifting their bodies to make sure they don't accidentally brush shoulders or something.

As he made his way down the steps, he realized that it wasn't just Sapnap in the living room. He heard the boisterous laugh of the infamous Tommy. George hadn't seen the other since they had met with Techno, but he assumed Tubbo would be there with him, meaning Wilbur would be around too. As he rounded the corner into the living room, his suspicions confirmed. Dream was also there. George isn't sure why he though the blond wouldn't be joining them but it didn't change the fact that he was now regretting his choice on agreeing.

Wilbur sat next to Tommy and Tubbo on one of the couches while Dream was positioned next to Sapnap on the other. Normally George would join the two, but the only available place was next to the very man he did not want to see. He opted to sit in the leather chair across from them. George caught the slightly hurt expression on Dream's face out of the corner of his eye and realized that the only empty space on the couch was most likely next to him for a reason. If that was his half-assed way of trying to fix things, George didn't want it.

"Nice of you to join us, big man," Tommy snickered. "Sapnap said you've been in your room all day."

"Yeah, I have," George responded. "Sapnap also knows that I'm trying to get my homework done. Instead I've been dragged down here to interact with *you*." Tubbo laughed at the statement, making Tommy's smug look morph into one of betrayal.

"Well it's important to take a break every now and then," Sapnap answered. "Sometimes it's nice to just *talk* to one another." Sapnap stared directly at George and jerked his head to the blond sitting next to him. The movement was so subtle that George barely caught it, but when he did he immediately understood what the raven-haired man was trying to do.

And here George was, just about to thank the one above that Sapnap still hadn't mentioned anything about him and Dream.

"Well maybe I don't want to," George said as he brought up his legs to sit criss-crossed in the chair. Maybe he was being stubborn but he couldn't care less. Sapnap, bless him, was a good enough friend to try and help but George wanted Dream to come directly to him. George's statement caused Dream to turn his gaze away from George with an unreadable expression.

Though Tommy and Tubbo seemed absolutely oblivious to the hidden meaning behind the conversation, Wilbur obviously wasn't. The taller brunet must have taken pity on him and switched the conversation.

"We were just talking about this one time about a year ago that Tommy had me beat up this kid," Wilbur interjected.

"He what?" George couldn't help but laugh a little. The idea seemed outlandish at first, but he wouldn't put anything past Tommy.

Tommy sat up on the couch and immediately explained. "Let me tell you," he started. "This guy from my school used to be an absolute prick." Tubbo nodded his head in agreement. "Every week he'd demand money from us and shit. Sometimes he would be with a group, and sometimes alone, but even when he was alone I couldn't take him. Despite what you may think, I'm not the strongest," he said in a joking manor.

"He was a mean kid," Tubbo mumbled. "We just gave him what we had, it was never worth

fighting. One day Tommy had enough and called Will to come beat him up once we were out of school," he chuckled. "Honestly I feel a little bad for him. A fifteen year old verses a twenty-three year old."

"But he deserved it Tubbo!" Tommy patted at Tubbo's shoulder. "Don't feel too bad."

Why was there a newly-discovered common theme of Wilbur fighting people?

"Really?" George asked in slight disbelief. "You didn't strike me as the type of guy to just, beat people up," he said to Wilbur. He looked calm all the time and never seemed to get angry.

"You make it sound like I just go around starting fights," he chuckled. "I mean, if they deserve it I will. When Tommy first called me, I thought he was just joking. Once he said that the guy had actually been leeching off him and Tubbo for the past few weeks I got pretty mad."

"You did fight that guy the other day when we were picking up the dynamite," George countered back, but it was all lighthearted.

"Technically I didn't start the fight, I finished it." Sapnap burst out laughing at the memory as Tommy shot a confused look to Wilbur. Tommy, apparently not having heard the story yet, begged one of the three of the men present to explain.

Sapnap graciously offered to retell it. He added a few more things in which George hadn't heard a couple days ago when it actually happened. He was gonna say something about how Sapnap was exaggerating it, but it's not like George saw it for himself. He listened to Sapnap's story for a while minute before his mind decided to focus on the man staring at him from across the room.

Minutes passed and Dream's eyes didn't seem to leave him. George was looking at Sapnap who was waving his arms around but he could still see the blond's gaze fixed on him. He would have looked back at him as if to say "yes I see you staring" but after last time's attempt he wasn't that confident. He tried his very best to ignore him however it seemed to become increasingly difficult as the minutes passed on.

If he doesn't look away in two seconds, George thought, I might actually snap. It was beginning to get on his nerves, but he really did not want to lose his shit in front of everyone else and create a scene. He gave up on listening to whatever new story they were talking about and got up from his seat before he said something he might regret.

"I'm gonna go grab a snack," George said as he walked to the kitchen, not waiting for anyone to respond. He accidentally opened up the cupboard with way more force than necessary but everyone in the next room over seemed to be talking too loud to notice. The brit grabbed one of the large opened bags of chips Sapnap bought him a few days ago and threw a few into his mouth.

Not wanting to go back into the room any sooner than he needed to, George busied himself with grabbing an empty glass cup and filled it with water. He took a few sips, trying to stretch out his time alone for as long as possible. He really isn't sure what he's done to deserve Dream entering the kitchen not too long after.

George sighed, turned around to face the other, and leaned against the counter. It was clear that Dream wanted to say something, not just grab something and go. He wasn't sure if he wanted to hear what the other said. If it wasn't some sort of explanation or apology George might actually throw hands. He rather Dream tell him that what he did was a mistake and to never talk to him again than just pretend nothing happened at all. The past week or so of anger and disappointment made rejection, if you could even call it that, sound refreshing.

Dream stood in the center of the kitchen, still not speaking. George has had enough of this.

“What the fuck do you want?” George's voice was hushed, not wanting the others to overhear. He took a long sip from his water and kept eye contact with the other. Maybe it would have been more intimidating if he wasn't a head shorter than Dream but there's only so much you can do.

It seemed to effectively snap the blond out of his silent state. “Listen, I think we need to talk-”

“You think so?” George tilted his head in a mocking manner. No, he wasn't make this any easier for Dream but who cares. George doesn't think of himself as a mean person. Maybe borderline sadistically evil... only when it was deserved, though. “What makes you say that?” He allowed his voice to rise which ended up being a bit too loud for Dream's liking.

Any shyness that Dream carried with him seemed to be gone out the window. “Really?” he said, walking right up to George. “Really?” He repeated and grabbed the empty glass of water from George's hands and set it on the counter next to the deserted chip bag. “You're gonna act like this, right now? I'm trying to help and this is how you act?” Dream snatched George's wrist and practically dragged him up the stairs.

“Wait, Dream-” The action caught the brunet slightly off guard. Once they made it to the taller's bedroom, Dream slammed the door and focused back on George.

“There, now you can yell to you heart's content without worrying everyone else,” he said as he sat down on his bed. George remained standing and crossed his arms in defiance, no longer taken back from Dream's sudden burst of confidence. “I bet you're fucking happy you got me to yell back, aren't you?” George was. It seemed to even the playing grounds a bit and he no longer felt the small pang of guilt he would feel if Dream were to paint a hurt expression on his face.

Instead of proving Dream correct, George ignored the rhetorical question. “Enlighten me, what is it you want to talk about?”

The blond sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. “When we were drunk, George!”

“Oh so now you remember!” George took a step closer but still remained quite far way. “You didn't seem to remember the day after, funny how that works, isn't it?”

“George.” Dream took a deep breath and let his hand drop from his face. “If you let me talk then maybe, just maybe some of this will make sense. Ever think of that?”

“No!” George took another step. “No, I didn't! You know why?” Another step. “Because you just flat out fucking ignored me. What the hell was I supposed to think?” Another. “Was it fun to fuck with my feelings like that?” Dream opened his mouth to answer but George quickly shushed him. “Don't you dare answer that.” As much as George wanted to act confident, he couldn't stop the angry tears from forming at the corner of his eyes. “It was not just a short little make out session, Dream. I liked you.” He paused to wipe the tears on his cheeks. “And I still do,” he added softly. Silence engulfed them for a moment as George let out a silent sob. When he removed his sweatshirt sleeve from his face, he took the last few steps over to where the other sat at the edge of the bed.

George ignored the part of him that wanted to kiss Dream.

“And you know what?” George's voice rose once more. “That next morning, my head was throbbing and I felt like shit, but I felt happy.” He jabbed his pointer finger to Dream's chest. “I felt genuinely. Fucking. Happy.” The blond dropped his stern look, and his eyes filled with sympathy –

sympathy that George didn't notice. "I felt happy for once. That was, until I woke up and you weren't there." The brunet took a step backwards and removed his finger from its previous place. "I gave you the benefit of the doubt. It's not like you *had* to be there when I woke up." George's heart squeezed when he remembered that he had some hope. How naive. "I was hopeful, just for you to completely ignore my existence for the next week and a half!"

So there. He finally let it all out. It was relieving in a way, but nerve-wracking in another. Dream remained silent, seeming to process what just happened. George dropped his head to look at his now shaking hands. The overwhelming quietness of the room was not comforting in the slightest. When the brit looked back up, he took note of Dream's eyes. They were wide and glossy with his own unshed tears. George didn't know the cause of them. He did know, however it wasn't simply because he yelled at him. Dream was soft but not that soft.

"So there, Dream. I think we talked, yeah?" He said, his voice barely above a whisper. With a last wipe at his cheeks, George turned and exited the room, headed right across the hall to his own.

Dream didn't try to stop him.

George shut his door behind him, softly this time. He let himself cry for a moment, his hands cupping his face as he stood in the middle of the room. He attempted to comfort his own shaking figure, but his weak attempts were proven useless. As much as he wanted to cry until he passed out onto the floor, he stood up to his full height and moved his hands. George took a deep breath, ran a hand through his hair and sat back down at his desk.

Today, he was meant to be doing his homework. He may have had a slight detour from his original goal, but that's okay. Everyone gets distracted sometimes.

Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

holy fuck 800 kudos!!! you guys are amazing, im glad that so many of you enjoy this story

ALSO IM SO SORRY THIS UPDATE IS SO VERY LATE!!! things have been very hectic in real life for me recently. by no means have a forgotten about this fic, just know that updates will be slower. I started school back up this week D:

ANYWAYS we hear dre's side of the story YAYYYY

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Things have been going okay since George let everything out. He thinks he should feel embarrassed about telling Dream how he felt, but he isn't. He's more embarrassed about the fact that after literally *everything*, his mind still gravitates toward him.

One good thing is that they definitely talk more than they did just a few days ago before George told him. They share a couple conversations throughout the day, however they are full of stutters and awkward side glances. Dream doesn't tease him anymore, though. In fact, the blond is overly nice, always full of compliments. It feels like they have just met all over again, but even when they did first meet they clicked almost immediately.

Neither of them have brought up anything about what happened, but it's clear the topic is on both of their minds. It's confusing though, should they talk about it? Technically, they already did... but it was more of a yelling match. George feels bad about how everything went down, he didn't give Dream a chance to speak. At the time though, he could barely control what he was saying and it was bound to be revealed at some point. George is now realizing that their little conversation only made things more confusing.

As unpleasant as it would be to revisit the topic, George thinks that maybe he should give Dream more of a chance to explain everything.

"George." Dream took a deep breath and let his hand drop from his face. "If you let me talk then maybe, just maybe some of this will make sense. Ever think of that?"

George remembers the line clear as day. *What did he have to say?* He thought. It's something that he's been thinking about too much. Maybe he should have tried a little better to hold his tongue, but he was angry then. Now he just feels guilty and regrets his hotheaded attitude.

Before he could get too deep into his thoughts, his phone let out the annoying default phone call sound, scaring him and many other people in the otherwise quiet school library. He hastily picked up the phone and declined the call, seeing it was an unknown number. *Damn spam calls.* He received multiple annoyed glances from the people around him. It reminded him of his loud outburst from the first day he met the team. He's not very good at staying quiet in libraries.

Not even a second after he hung up the phone, it called back again. If hadn't pissed off the students the first time, he surely did now. He hung up again. George isn't about to answer a random number

and decline some sales person's offer of getting new windows installed to his house.

The person had the audacity to ring again. *Okay what the fuck.* George pressed the green answer button and moved the phone up to his ear.

“Hello?” He asked, voice hushed. He quickly grabbed his backpack and made his way out of the library before he was forced to leave. He had planned on getting some work done but instead went through a mini midlife crisis.

“George.”

“Techno?” George isn't sure why he asked, the guy's voice is unmistakable, but he never guessed he would be getting a call from him.

“Where are you?” If there was any sort of emotion in the phrase, the brunet didn't hear it.

“At school, why?” Was he supposed to be elsewhere? He doesn't recall anyone saying something important today.

“It's almost six,” Techno said in a matter of fact voice. “I know you don't have classes this late.”

Six? George lifted the phone away from his ear to look at the time, discovering that the other was indeed right. Exactly how long has he sat there thinking about his nonexistent love life? Also, why the hell did Techno care? He didn't say anything when George left to go visit Bad that one time. He could argue that the pink-haired man didn't know he left, but he's sure the guy keeps tabs on everything. It's a disturbing thought.

“Why, has something happened?” If something did happen, it would have to be bad if Techno of all people called him. How did Techno even get George's number? So many questions.

“Not yet.” George opened his mouth to comment on the unsettling line when the other continued. “We are going to the bank tonight.”

George completely froze. What? George lowered his voice. “Like, the heist you mean?” Techno made a noise of confirmation. “Oh,” is all he could manage at first. “I didn't know that.”

“It was decided,” Techno paused and shuffling was heard from his end, “about two minutes ago.”

“Oh,” George said again. *What the hell, that's it?* He assumed he would be given at least a few days notice not just a couple hours. Everything suddenly felt very overwhelming. “Okay, well I will head home now.”

“There isn't a huge rush, but we should probably run over a few more things before we go.”

“Yeah, okay that sounds good.” Holy shit. Techno said his goodbye and hung up. *Okay, this is actually happening.*

George knew this would be coming at some point, but he wasn't given any time to prepare. In reality he doesn't have to prepare anything, but he needs to be ready. Mentally at least. The whole point of him being around was for the heist, but that was the least of his worries. He has been focusing on Dream, practically forgetting the existence of his main job.

“What the fuck am I supposed to do?!” Dream tries his best to keep his composure, he really does,

but sometimes it's just too much. "I really fucked up, I didn't think he actually liked me!" The dirty blond took a deep breath, trying to calm himself. "I should be happy now that I know, but I feel even worse. I don't have much time- oh God I have to fix this- he's gonna be leaving in just a few days what if he hates me? What if he's just pretending to be nice and he's still mad? I wasn't able to tell-"

"Dream!" Sapnap practically shouted. Dream stopped rambling and looked to his friend with pleading eyes. "Just, calm down." Sapnap pulled him into a comforting hug which was greatly appreciated. "It's gonna be fine, okay?"

Dream can't believe he has let things go on for so long like this between himself and George. If he had just manned up and explained everything that was going through his head, it would have been so much easier.

"Dream, take a deep breath and tell me everything. I can't help if you don't explain it properly." Sapnap released him from the embrace and stared at him expectantly. "I mean, if it's difficult for you to talk about you don't have to, no pressure-"

"No no, it's fine. Uh, okay." Dream briefly shut his eyes and prepared himself. "So, I like George."

"Yeah, no shit," Sapnap said jokingly, but genuine compassion was present on his face. Dream chuckled a bit, slightly relieved by the raven's more casual tone.

"It took me a little bit to figure it out," Dream mumbled, recalling the events in his head. "I think I first realized it, like really realized it, after we went to the cafe that one time." The taller swallowed. "Once we got home, I thought about how nice of a day it had been. At first it was simple. I came to the revelation that I like him, and for a few seconds everything was good." Sapnap nodded his head, showing that he was following the story. "But then it dawned on me, what liking him meant. I don't like guys?" The last sentence came out like a question.

Dream sneaked a glance at Sapnap, noticing the confused expression that the other chose not to voice. "Well, I didn't think so at least," Dream added. "The next few days I continued to think about it, what it meant for me. As I did, I was also more forward with him, making more attempts to flirt with him. The night we drank, I came up with that stupid idea to distract him by leaning in for a kiss."

"You mean when we were playing Minecraft?"

"Yeah. I told you it was to distract him so you could kill him, which is what happened, but I also wanted to see how he reacted – how I would react. To test the waters I guess? I dunno." Sapnap continued to look intently, waiting patiently for the other to continue when he paused. "I don't think you noticed, but once George realized it was just to mess with him, he looked pretty upset but didn't say anything about it. Later that night I went up to his room to apologize to him, thinking I had overstepped some sort of boundary."

Dream looked away from his friend. "We ended up making out and shit," he said as he waved his hands, choosing to spare the other from the details. "At the time, I didn't know if he liked me or not. I guess I should have considered it, but he was practically wasted. Long story short, this past week or so I have been feeling like I took advantage of him, just to figure out how I felt." Dream sighed. "To try and figure out my sexuality." He really hopes he can find a way to make it up to George. "I really didn't think he had any feelings for me."

"Well, I don't want to be the one giving romantic advice here, but here's what I say." Dream looked up to meet the other's eyes. "Everything you just told me, tell him. It's that simple, and I'm sure he

would understand. He might still be upset, but that doesn't mean he hates you and won't forgive you."

"But Sap I don't know how to approach him." In theory, all he had to do is explain. It shouldn't be difficult but after his last attempt his confidence is no more than a whisper.

"Listen, I can't help you with that. This is between you and George. I've managed to get involved and I really don't know how," Sapnap said, shaking his head. Even though this whole situation was daunting,

Dream found it in himself to laugh.

"Thank you, by the way." The blond looked at him, hoping the sincerity of his words was notable. "You do a lot for me." It wasn't very often that they were this up front with one another.

"Of course, I love you man," Sapnap responded.

How was Dream going to do this? He still wasn't sure what this all meant for him. Is he gay? Bi? The thought was scary to him. He's had all the time in the world to reason about it but no matter how much time he spends thinking it over, it's still terrifying. He's not homophobic, but this isn't something that he ever thought he would have to think about for himself. Figuring out what liking another guy meant for him was scary, but liking George wasn't. They seemed like two completely separate things.

And maybe that was okay. *All that matters is I know I like George*, he thought, *I can start there*. He can figure out everything else later. One thing at a time, one thing at a time.

The reality of the situation really sank in after George's rant. The guilt and regret not explaining what was going on hit him like a train. To George, it probably felt like Dream had given him hope and then stripped it from him within one day. The brit had all the reasons in the world to be mad, and Dream didn't blame him at all.

But George said he still likes him! There's a good chance that things will work out, he just has to put the effort in to make it happen, them happen. Dream let out a sigh. "This is all so complicated."

"Let's not think about this all right now," Sapnap said. "We have some very important business to attend to tonight. Let's focus on that first."

"Yeah. George is probably freaking our right now," Dream smiled. "Techno asked me for his number. He didn't tell me what for but I know for a fact it let him know about tonight." The blond pushed his problematic feelings to the back of his head, deciding it was best to focus on the upcoming task. He can't afford trying to think about too many things at once. "I heard the child enter a couple minutes ago," he said, lifting himself off of Sapnap's bed. "We can head down and talk, it will help keep my mind off of everything."

Sapnap nodded and followed Dream down the steps, neither of them surprised to see Tommy raiding their pantry. Any peace and quite he had to think about how to fix things was taken from him the second the other blond saw him.

"Dream, my man!" Tommy said in a couple decibels too loud, ignoring Sapnap's existence. "You ready for tonight?" Dream wasn't given a chance to respond, the younger continuing on. "It's gonna be fun! Also, big man Philza is here." Tubbo emerged from the living room to join the search for food, giving the two a small wave.

Dream raised an eyebrow. "Is he?" He took a few steps to the living room, saw that it was empty

and turned back to Tommy.

“Yup! In the basement talking to Will and Techno.” Tommy turned his back to Dream, resuming his efforts to pick out a snack. “Honestly I’m surprised he showed up.” He picked out some random bag of crackers and promptly began to open them. “His heart is gonna fail him one of these days.”

Dream’s face cracked into a smile. He made an almost perfect impression of a whistling tea kettle as he walked past the younger, lightly slapping his shoulder. “You shouldn’t say things like that.” He motioned for Sapnap to follow him down to the others.

Just as he was told, Phil stood around the table with Wilbur and Techno. He wore his classic white and green hat, a Hawaiian styled shirt with a white tank top underneath, and his flip flops with socks. Phil was the perfect example of a beach vacation dad, and Dream loved it.

“Hope we aren’t interrupting,” Sapnap said, moving to stand beside Dream at the table.

“Nah, we are just running through the full plan with Phil,” Wilbur answered. “We aren’t gonna actually go to the bank until about midnight, but we should run over the plan in greater detail with everyone.”

Techno nodded. “George should be here any minute,” he added before resuming his basic explanation of what was going to happen. Dream was listening intently, making sure that he understood what would be happening as well. He added a few extra details here and there, helping the owner of the monotone voice explain it better detail. After some time, the front door opened and closed, drawing the blond away from his current conversation. *George*. He hyper focused on the soft thud of the footsteps up on the floor above. The noises disappeared and then reappeared a moment later. George must have gone up to his room first.

More footsteps sounded from the stairs, and Dream snapped his attention to the source. Tommy and Tubbo hastily skipped the steps down, and George followed calmly behind. The brit made eye contact with Dream first before shifting his gaze to Phil. He almost forgot that George had no idea who he is yet.

“George,” Dream said. He was happy that they could at least talk now, even if it was a bit shaky.

“Dream.” The blond soaked in the sound. The way his name rolled off of the other’s tongue sounded so much better than the way anyone else ever will say it. Dream is sure that his heart skipped a beat when George approached him, choosing to stand next to him like he used to before everything went to shit.

“This is Philza,” Dream mentioned, gesturing to the man with blond hair that reached his shoulders. “He’s going to be our second driver.” A look of realization washed off of George’s face.

“Oh, I remember. Nice to meet you,” George smiled, shifting a little closer to Dream. They weren’t as close together as they had been the first time they went through the plan, but it’s alright. They will get there, Dream is sure of it. Once he bites the bullet and properly explains, things will be better.

“Okay,” Techno said, throwing the maps that George had obtained a few weeks back out onto the table. “Let’s get to it, shall we?”

WE HEAR DRE'S SIDE OF THE STORYYYYY!!..... but gogy doesnt
GSADHSIODH SORRY ILY ALL <3

Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

mmmm crime - PRETEND LIKE EVERYTHING MAKES SENSE IDK HOW HACKING WORKS

side note: if you saw like updates and shit I edited the prev. chapters because im a dumbass and wrote "you're" as "your" LOL IM SORRY THAT YALL HAD TO READ THROUGH THAT AND SUFFER

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The car ride was surprisingly quiet. The soft hum of the engine threatened to make George fall asleep, but he persevered. The all too bright screen on the center of the dashboard read 12:13 AM. George would probably still be wide awake in his room at this time, however it's always different when you're out and about.

He propped his head against the window, watching the dull street lamps that appeared blurry as the car passed by. With no one out on the roads, it made everything a little more eerie. At least they wouldn't get stuck in traffic or something. He clenched the fist that held his laptop a little tighter as Wilbur took one of the corners faster than necessary. George heard Tommy make some smart-ass comment about not crashing the car, but he couldn't bring himself to focus.

For once, he wasn't thinking about the man who seemed to be the root of all his emotional problems. Instead, George thought over his given task in his head, thinking about exactly what he will be doing. It was a simple request, something that he could do quite easily. Regardless of whether it was easy or not, George's brain continued to overthink and worry. The last thing he wanted was to somehow fuck up and ruin everything. The chance of that happening was low, almost non existent, but of course his anxiety would tell him otherwise. He has thought over what exactly he will do about twenty times, each time step by step and in detail. *I can do this*, he pathetically hyped himself up.

“We are close,” Wilbur said. He slowed the car to a halt at the red traffic light even though they were the only ones on the road. The other car with the rest of the team left about five minutes after them, not wanting to create suspicion by traveling together. George looked in the side mirror multiple times throughout the car ride even though he knew they others were to far away to see. “You ready?” The question was aimed to Tommy and Tubbo. Both of them silently nodded their heads, hesitation displayed on their faces. Wilbur seemed to pick up on their nerves right away. He twisted his body uncomfortably until he was facing the two in the back seat. “You guys nervous?”

George was prepared to hear a vulgar comment from Tommy, but instead he answer honestly. “A little bit,” Tommy admitted. It was a tone that George has never heard the other use before. It wasn't loud and obnoxious, it was just quiet.

“You'll be fine, I promise.” Wilbur looked at the two of them in silence for a moment. “You know we will be right around the corner if anything goes wrong. But I know the both of you will kick some ass.” Will's voice gained some cheeriness to it towards the end of his sentence. George didn't want to be rude and stare, but the expression on the other's face showed some sort of brotherly love. The moment was touching from an outside perspective, but George was sure that Wilbur was

just as nervous for Tommy and Tubbo as they were themselves.

The streets began to look familiar as they approached their destination. Will parked the car at a corner completely out of view from the bank, just like they discussed in the plan. George turned to look at the two teenagers, both had huge grins on their faces. You wouldn't have been able to guess that either of them were nervous just a few minutes ago. As the two exited the car, they laughed as Tommy shoved Tubbo to get out faster. Wilbur was quick to shush them, reminding them to keep their voices down. Tommy only snickered before slamming the back door.

Wilbur pressed one of the many buttons on the ceiling panel near the rear view mirror. It must have been the button to pop the trunk, for both the boys trailed to the back of the car. A few moments later, the trunk was firmly shut and the two walked on the sidewalk, stopping at the taller's brunet's window which was rolled down halfway. They had dark beanies covering all of their hair on top of their heads as well as black face masks.

“We'll be back in five. If we aren't, come get us,” Tommy mumbled before making his way down the sidewalk, Tubbo right at his side. George eyed the wooden baseball bats that they both carried. Techno had never specified on how to knock them out. A hard blow to the back of the head is probably the easiest way to get the job done.

Once the two were out of sight, George spoke up. “You really care about them, don't you?” He isn't sure of it's something the other wants to talk about. He remembers Dream and Sapnap talking about how Wilbur felt guilty for letting the two teenagers get involved.

“Yeah,” Wilbur stated simply, eyeing the clock on the screen. “A whole lot.” That was enough for George to get it. The shorter patted Wilbur on the shoulder reassuringly, hoping it would comfort him in some way. Will removed his gaze from the time to offer George a tense smile, then instantly looked back at the clock.

As much as George didn't want to sit in silence, it was clear that Wilbur didn't feel like talking. He understood. As a result, George decided it would be a good idea to boot up his laptop ahead of time. He flipped open the screen, tapped a few keys, and waited patiently for everything to load. Once everything was up and running, he reached toward the door panel and grabbed a small black usb stick along with a slightly larger one.

Once stick held the code that he would run. It doesn't take long to type out but he figured it would be smart to do it ahead of time, that way he could test it and make sure everything worked properly. Plus it would save him some time and worrying. The second, larger usb was a simple WiFi connector. Of course, like any laptop, his could connect to the WiFi on its own, but the stick helped gain a much stronger connection from outside of the building.

Out of his peripheral vision, George saw Tommy and Tubbo round the building corner. Wilbur let out an audible sigh, his face morphing into a grin. As the two got closer to the car, George noticed that a rather dark liquid painted the wooden bats. He felt a little bad, the poor guards were just trying to do their job.

“That was fast. You did it?” Wilbur beckoned Tubbo closer to his window while Tommy took both of their bats to the trunk.

“Yup!” Tubbo nodded, removing his mask and hat. Will reached his hand through the window and ruffled the boy's already messed up hair. Tubbo shied away, trying his best not to laugh.

“Good job! Now before you get in,” Wilbur motioned for George to open the glove box and he complied. On top sat a few pieces of black construction paper and a roll of duct tape which George

grabbed and handed to the taller. "Cover the license plate for me." He gave the items to Tubbo who disappeared behind the car. In the glove box there was a large pocket knife and what looked like a hand held gun in a holster. They were hidden from view before with the paper. "It isn't loaded." George looked up to find the taller brunet staring at him. "We've never used it." The gun should be unsettling to George, but it wasn't. "Just thought I'd tell you," Will shrugged and took out his phone.

Tubbo joined Tommy in the back of the car, both sharing an accomplished look. "That was easy," Tommy said smugly.

"How'd you do it?" George questioned, curiously.

"What do you mean, how'd you do it," the blond said mockingly. "We sneaked up on 'em from behind." Tommy said it as if it obvious. "The one guy heard us at the last minute though."

"It didn't matter though. Before they knew it, they were both out," Tubbo chimed in. "We got them at the same time." George couldn't see Tubbo harming a single soul, but he didn't want to test that theory. Not after what he just heard.

"Oh, there's the rest of them," Wilbur said. George turned his head to look out the rear window, seeing the off-white lights of a car coming closer. "Tommy, go stop them and cover the plate."

"What, why me?"

"Because Tubbo already did it, your turn," Will said flatly.

"George is sitting right there." Despite his grumbling, he grabbed the paper and tape from Tubbo and stepped out into the street. The second car driven by Phil pulled up next to theirs. Tommy went up to the window and said something to the man, most likely an age related insult, before stepping to the back of the car.

"I'll let you know when George has everything hooked up or whatever," Wilbur said, raising his voice slightly so Philza could hear. He fumbled around with the side of the door before grabbing a black device with a screen and antenna on it and held it up for the other car to see. It looked like a more sophisticated walkie-talkie. Phil nodded and turned around to say something that was out of earshot to whoever rode in the back.

Once Tommy got back into the car Wilbur drove the short distance around the corner and to the bank. He parked the car in front of the few shallow steps that lead up to the front doors, giving George the perfect view of the two unconscious guards. There was one on each side of the set of large glass doors, their bodies crumpled in awkward positions on the concrete ground. The yellow lights from the street gave the small amount of dark liquid pooling around their heads a shiny glow.

"You're sure you didn't like, accidentally kill them?" George asked, eyes refusing to leave the unfamiliar people slouched over.

"No," Tubbo said confidently. "I made sure to double check after I saw how much they bled. They will be fine, it looks worse than it is." He continued to stare. "I actually felt quite bad about it so I used a couple old napkins from a fast food joint to stop some of the bleeding." Tubbo scratched the back of his head. "I was never going to use them anyway."

George took one last glance at the unsettling scene before him and then got to work. It was a different kind of feeling from when he first heard that Dream had... hurt someone. It wasn't fear, it was just uncomfortable. Like a gruesome scene in a horror movie, just with less blood. That he was

thankful for.

First he connected to the WiFi which wasn't difficult whatsoever. He didn't even need a password, he just used the guest network. It was almost amusing how easy it was to get into everything. As he worked to open up the usb stick with the code on it, he could feel the three pairs of eyes watching him. Once the code loaded, his fingers flew over the keyboard and he scrolled through the long list of incomprehensible characters.

"How the fuck do you—" Wilbur shushed the blond, probably because he didn't want him to distract George. It's not like he had to concentrate, but he really didn't want to answer any of Tommy's unreasonable questions. "Fine fine, don't mind me."

George chuckled under his breath and continued to search. It took him a few wrong clicks before he found the camera system. Once he did, his laptop screen illuminated with about a dozen boxes, each a separate series of black and white security footage. Some were positioned to look outside of the building, but most were inside. Only a few were looking at the actual area where normal guests would be. A lot of them seemed to be focused on the employee-only portion of the building.

Next he looked for the alarm system. Similar to the cameras, it took a few tries before he found the correct one. He thought about disabling the alarms for the outside doors only, but quickly thought against it and turned them all off.

George couldn't help but smile at his accomplishment. It wasn't a difficult one, but he still felt proud of himself. He moved the computer from his lap and put it on the center console for everyone to get a better view. The three studied the screen while George played around with a couple other lines of code before realizing the cameras didn't pick up audio.

"Okay, it doesn't look like anyone is in there." Will concluded. He picked up the communication device and held it close to his mouth. "Alright, you guys can go in."

After a few seconds of static noise, a voice pierced the air. "Sounds good." It was Techno's. "We will let you know when to send Tommy and Tubbo out to the stairs."

George watched the cameras, trying to figure out which door they would walk through. A few minutes later, George saw Techno, Sapnap, and Dream make their way over to one of the doors. Dream held a couple of large empty bags and Techno had a cardboard box in his hands. They all had their phones out, using the built-in flashlight which George found funny. They have walkie-talkies and explosives but not a simple flashlight you can buy at practically any store.

All three had flat masks that covered the entirety of their faces. Techno's resembled that of a cartoon looking pig and Sapnap's was a panda. They looked way to cute and childlike for what they were doing. Dream's on the other hand was even more simple. It was white with a roughly drawn smiley face. Instead of wearing beanies, they all had hoods up to cover their hair and wore black gloves. They talked to each other for a moment before Sapnap fished something out of his pocket and hunched over in front of the door.

It took George a second to figure out what the raven-haired man was doing. He was picking the lock. The brunet had no idea that Sapnap could do that but the more he thought about it, the more unsurprising it was. He was a very mischievous person, of course the fucker knew how to pick locks. George gazed across the other cameras, checking for movement. *Just in case someone is there.* When he looked back at the group, they were walking through the now open door.

Once inside the building, they were met with a set of stairs going down. They briskly shuffled down and walked out of frame. George's eyes jumped to the next box over, watching the three men

approach two different doors. Sapnap had started going to the left door, but Dream snatched him by the back of his sweatshirt and dragged him to the right one where Techno was already through.

As they walked into the view of yet another camera, Sapnap shoved the blond's hand off of him, prompting the taller to use the empty bags as a harmless weapon. The lack of audio made the interaction much funnier. Techno walked over to the large vault built into one of the walls and set the box of explosives down at his feet. He pulled out the communicator like Wilbur's and spoke into it.

"Will, tell me what I'm doing with these," he said. George couldn't suppress the laugh forming in his throat when he heard Dream and Sapnap bickering in the background. George watched as Techno removed the dynamite from the box and set it on the ground. Wilbur began to run him through what he needed to do, taking care to go into great detail. Occasionally Techno would confirm that what he was doing was correct, but for the most part he was silent.

Not too long after, Techno took a few steps back from the massive vault door, hands crossed over his chest as he studied his work. The pink-haired man looked around the room, eyes meeting the security camera in the top corner. He motioned for Dream and Sapnap to step off to the side so that Wilbur could see the explosives better. They were latched onto the door of the vault in a circular shape, all connected by one wire.

"That looks good, now connect the wire to the remote box," Wilbur instructed. Techno moved back over to the vault, Sapnap following him. Though George couldn't see the expression on his face through the crappy cameras, Sapnap was probably fascinated like he was at the lake. "Yes, that one it should be- Sapnap move I can't fucking see," the tall brunet chuckled.

After a few more instructions, Will deemed everything good to go. Dream and Sapnap quickly headed up the steps and back outside to where they started. Techno followed at a slower pace, taking the now empty cardboard box and remote with him. He carefully left the room and up the steps, making sure to not rip the wire from the explosives. The wire was much longer than the ones they had used for testing at the lake. Finally Techno joined them outside, messing around with the buttons on the remote.

"Once this explodes, have Tommy and Tubbo come help us," Techno said, flipping the familiar switch on the side of the box. His hand hovered over the large button on the middle. Will responded with a simple "okay" and Techno pressed the button.

George felt the explosion more than he heard it, which was probably a good thing. It felt like a very small earthquake making it barely noticeable. Plus, they were surrounded by empty businesses, not apartment buildings. George looked at the screen facing the vault, struggling to see anything through the newly-created dust.

Once the tan cloud of wall plaster and old dust dissipated, the half-destroyed vault door became visible. There was a very clear circle blasted through the metal creating an entrance to the inside. George spared a glance at Tommy and Tubbo as they pulled their disguises back on to conceal their features. The two teenagers exited the vehicle and briskly walked around the building to where the others still stood outside. They shared a few words before the group disappeared from one camera screen and reappeared on the next.

While Wilbur focused on the group's movements, George's eyes kept wandering over to one of the boxes closest to him. It was just a regular hallway, nothing special. He wasn't sure why he felt the need to glance over at it every so often. He shrugged off the weird feeling and continued to watch as Dream, Techno, and Sapnap entered through the explosion in the metal door. Tommy and Tubbo waited outside the vault, waiting for the others to hand them stuff to deliver to the car. After

a few minutes, Sapnap appeared and shoved a full bag to Tommy who carried it up the steps, Tubbo following once he was given one as well.

George's eyes darted to the same hallway he was looking at earlier. He swore that he saw movement, but when he looked there was nothing. He stared longer, making sure his eyes weren't somehow deceiving him. *There isn't anyone there, don't- Oh.* His internal lecture was rudely disrupted when he saw a figure move into the corner of the screen. It was definitely a person, a person that would be of no help at this time.

"Wilbur," George hastily whispered as if the stranger could hear them. Once he got the taller's attention, he tapped the screen where the figure stood. The person was only halfway into the frame but judging from the many objects that hung from their belt, they were a security guard.

Will quickly raised the walkie-talkie to his mouth. "Techno, there is a guard in the building somewhere." Tommy and Tubbo both froze, and though George couldn't see the others, they most likely did too. "We can't tell exactly where, but they are in one of the hallways." The rest of the group exited the vault and handed off a few more full bags to Tommy and Tubbo and encouraged them up the steps.

"There's a lot of money down here," Techno started. "We are gonna find the guy, take care of him, and then come back." A pause. "Unless they alerted the cops?"

Wilbur looked at the guard for a few seconds before answering. "I don't think they know where you are." The guard walked down the hall, pointing his flashlight around. "They started looking for you though. They would have to be deaf not to hear that explosion. I was able to muffle the sound when I played around with the dynamite, but not *that* much. "

"Tommy and Tubbo are with me." It was Philza's voice that broke through the speaker this time. "Let me know when you want them back down there."

Techno didn't respond, instead he said something to the group. George watched helplessly as the three split up and headed separate directions.

Isn't that the last thing you're supposed to do?

George's eyes darted across his laptop screen, struggling to watch multiple people at once. Why was this so scary? He wasn't even down there but his heart was pounding in his rib cage. It was incredibly nerve-wracking. He found himself tensing in his seat every time someone walked into a blind spot on one of the cameras.

The brunet held his breath as he watched the guard walk. They didn't even seem the least bit nervous where as the three others walked with caution, trying not to make noise. Almost simultaneously, the guard and Dream froze. They were on separate camera screens but the light emitting from the guard's flashlight could be seen within Dream's frame. The unfamiliar person looked like they said something as they approached the corner that would supposedly lead to Dream.

The guard rounded the corner and got into a more defensive position when they saw the blond in front of him. George wishes he could hear what they were saying. Dream took a couple steps toward the person, causing them to put their arm out as if to say "stop". They spoke for some time before Dream once again inched closer.

Honestly, Dream looked fucking terrifying. He was pretty tall, wore that creepy mask, and stood all too calmly with his arms by his sides. Though the cameras had some sort of night vision filter,

the only light down there was the flashlight that the guard held. If George were the guard he would have said fuck it and let Dream rob the place.

After a few tense seconds of standing, the security guard lifted his empty hand up to his vest to the little radio, most likely to call back up. Dream closed the distance and took the radio before stepping back. The guard just stood there, looking dumbfounded; it was like stealing candy from a baby. The way the blond's head moved indicated that he was now the one talking. George obviously couldn't hear him but he knew for a fact he was saying some egotistical shit.

Wilbur stifled a laugh. "He made that look so easy, oh my God." Will no longer looked worried, simply entertained. "That's Dream for you I guess." He picked up his own communicator and let Techno know that Dream had found him. How Techno knew where Dream was, George will never know. Not even a minute later, the monotone man showed up behind the guard and skillfully knocked him out. George exhaled, relief flooding through his body. He was sure the group could manage on their own, but the situation still worried him.

All of that build up just for the poor guy to buckle to the ground like his fellow guards outside. At least this time there didn't seem to be any blood.

Soon enough, Tommy and Tubbo were back down at the vault and continued on like the incident was no more than a small bump in the road. After a few more trips of running up the steps and back, the two teenagers returned to the car with Wilbur and George.

"That should do it," Techno said through the intercom. "I'm a nice man, we left a good amount of money."

"A very nice man," Wilbur responded. George smiled at the comment and continued to watch the laptop, not wanting to turn it off until everyone was out. Techno left the building while the other two stayed for a little while longer.

Sapnap and Dream entered one of the random offices near the vault room and came out with a pen and paper. George squinted at the screen, watching as Dream wrote something on it before handing it to the other. Sapnap set the paper on one of the many small piles of rubble. Even through the crappy camera quality, George could read it.

The word "sorry" was written in all capital letters with a messily drawn heart next to it.

The next day George woke up to his phone alarm telling him to get his ass out of bed and get ready for school. He was awake, but he had no intention of going to school that day.

George got back home around 2 AM but Techno, Dream, and Sapnap arrived home first. Before leaving the bank, Wilbur had asked George if it was possible to delete any of the security footage from the hour they had been there. Though he couldn't completely delete its existence, he was able to successfully destroy the video files enough to where they shouldn't be restorable.

After, they had to drive Tommy and Tubbo to the respective homes, Wilbur reminding them not to wake their parents before kicking them out of the car. George obviously was forced to go along, but he didn't mind. Once they arrived back at the flat, he went straight to his room and slept. The whole ordeal was emotionally draining.

Once he was fully awake and functioning, he spent a good portion of the morning simply sitting and thinking about... well everything. He literally just committed a crime, like a big one too. It isn't

something he ever saw himself doing, but there he was. George was fully aware that he would have to live with that for the rest of his life, but he couldn't find it in himself to feel guilty. What he did – what they did – was without a doubt wrong, but he didn't regret it.

So now what?

Techno said that he would sort through the money, give George his share today, and then he is free to leave. He's done. It's officially over. The first few days of living with the team were different, not bad but he still would have preferred to be back at his own apartment with Bad. Now he is almost reluctant to leave.

But he has to, that's just part of the deal. He's sure that he can still come and visit them. He slowly stood up from the bed and grabbed the suitcase in the corner of his room that he hadn't touched in almost a month. George went around the room, picking up his clothes and starting to pack them, all the while trying desperately not to think about leaving.

He wasn't going to be upset by this. He knew this day was coming, it was part of the plan all along, so why is he so sad? He made friends, this was a good experience, right? *Friends. Just friends.* George told himself not to let his feelings get out of hand, and of course he did. Look where it got him. *Things could have ended worse though*, he thought. He is going to leave on good terms with Dream. He admitted things that he probably shouldn't have, but that is okay.

Things aren't great. Just okay. George can live with that.

George packed everything except for a clean outfit before heading down the steps to see if anyone was awake yet. As expected, no one was in the kitchen, however there were four large envelopes on the table. As he got closer, he saw that each had a name written on it. One for Tommy, Tubbo, Philza and one with his own name. He picked up the one with his name and gasped at the weight of the small package. He knew it would be a good amount of money but holy shit it was pretty heavy.

He glanced around, double checking that no one was there before opening it. It was probably rude to instantly check how much money you got but whatever, he was curious. He carefully tore a hole in the side and peeked through. *Oh my God-* Okay that was a lot of money. He took it back up to his room and fully opened it. There were stacks of paper bills, each sliver of paper worth more than George thought was possible.

There was also a small handwritten note that he pulled out and read over. It essentially thanked him for his help and told him not to cash all the money at once because, and he quotes “that would be suspicious, don't be an idiot”. It was signed by Techno.

George snorted at the other's bluntness. He was going to miss all this. A lot. As he changed into acceptable clothes, he shoved his night clothes into the suitcase and put the envelope and laptop in his school bag. While he slipped his shoes on, he wondered if he should say goodbye to everyone. He wants to, but he's sure he would make a fool out of himself and start crying.

He zipped up the suitcase and threw his backpack over his shoulder. *Fuck, I'm actually leaving.* Maybe he'll text them once he gets back home to thank them. It's shitty of him to not do it in person, but he knows he wouldn't be able to control himself. Carefully, he lifted his bag down the stairs and stopped to unlock the front door.

“George?”

Said man restrained himself from groaning. He turned around to see Sapnap stood at the top of the

stairs, looking like he just woke up. His black hair fell loosely in front of his face, no headband keeping it up.

“Hey Sap.” George rarely called him that but he thought it was fitting for this moment.

“You’re leaving now?” His voice had a hint of sadness to it. The tanned boy made his way down the steps, keeping one hand on the rail, the other nervously fidgeting with his shirt. It was another one of those rare moments where the younger wasn’t acting cocky.

“Yeah, I am,” George said simply.

“You could maybe wait until Dream wakes up? He would probably be upset if you left without telling him,” he mumbled, making eye contact. The thought of Dream waking up and him being gone really did a number to him, mainly because he knew what it felt like. He sighed and tried his best to ignore the tears threatening to spill from his eyes.

“No, I’m sorry. I think I’m gonna go now,” he responded. “Now that you’re here though,” George grabbed the apartment key from his pocket and held it out to Sapnap, “you can lock the door behind me so I won’t have to return this.”

Sapnap shook his head. “No, you can keep it. We’re all friends, you can come back anytime. Hell, if you really wanted to you could keep living with us, I’m sure Techno wouldn’t mind,” he offered. “But I know you have school and stuff.” He shifted his gaze downwards. “You’ll visit us though, right? We love you a lot.” Sapnap’s voice nearly broke at the end.

Knowing that he could come back made him feel a bit better, but it was still a somber interaction. “Of course I’ll come back. You can text me anytime, both of our sleep schedules are fucked.” They both laughed sadly. “So, goodbye I guess? I mean, I won’t be gone forever, but still.”

Sapnap wrapped his arms around him, holding him tightly. It was almost too tight but it helped George keep his mind off of crying. “Thank you.” His voice was muffled from the other’s shirt.

“No, thank you.” George returned the hug and patted the taller on the back. “I- I love you guys too.” They stood for a little longer before pulling away. George opened the door and was met with a light drizzle from the gray sky above. “Um, can you tell them I said bye?”

Sapnap nodded. “Do you want me to drive you?”

“Nah, it’s fine.” He almost smiled when he remembered declining a ride from Dream the first day they met and showed up at the front porch soaked. “I’ll see you guys later.”

Chapter End Notes

YALL THOUGHT I WAS GONNA HURT DRE AHDGHW GOT YA
also yeah 5k chapter again :D

this would have come out a few days ago but:

- a) i procrastinated and played games instead
- b) i had an essay (it was only 1k words so nothing compared to this BUT I DIDN’T READ THE POEM. ITS CALLED BEOWULF I BARELY UNDERSTOOD IT AND SPARKNOTES SAVED MY LIFE)

c) i am slow reader and even slower writer.

Thank You

Chapter Notes

:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Just like before, the days blurred together. Back to a time prior to being practically kidnapped by a tall scary American and his friend, George found himself falling into a routine. Go to school, come back home, maybe do some homework, stay up until unhealthy hours and go to sleep. Occasionally talk to someone other than Bad, and then repeat. And repeat. And- well okay it's only been two days so he can't repeat it once more but you get the idea.

Needless to say he was getting bored of having a stress-free life, something he never thought would happen. All seemed okay. He wasn't happy but content. Look up "happy" and you'd find that "content" is a synonym, but in reality they are two separate things.

George is content. He has everything he could possible need. There's the classic roof over your head and food in your stomach, but he also has his best friend with him and lots of money. It was stupid, really. What the hell is he supposed to do after college. He won't have to work for years with the envelope filled with cash that sat in the corner of his room, there for the taking.

His parents oh-so-graciously offered to pay for his college and housing until he graduated. They even sent him monthly checks to make sure he wasn't starving himself. He never ended up using all of the money they sent him though. It's not really an issue when you live off of Cup Noodles which cost less than a bag of chips from the vending machine.

So, why isn't he happy? He has asked himself that question multiple times, despite knowing the answer. It's because of a certain tall, blond teakettle of a man who lives ten minutes away. George knew he would feel guilty leaving that morning. He was fully aware of how he would mentally slap himself the next day for running away. Yes, he didn't want to cry, but now he just feels like a dick.

Maybe he's being dramatic. Sapnap said that he is welcome to come over anytime, and George knows he means it. It's not the end of the world, but he has no idea how that conversation with Dream would go over. "Yeah! Sorry for leaving and not saying goodbye to you even though we made out a couple weeks ago, wanna play some games?" I mean, it's Dream we are talking about. It could work.

At this point, George just misses him. It's fine if they can never be more than friends, but he rather them still talk and joke around than just ignore each other. Technically there is an easy solution to this problem but the brunet doesn't want to be the one to approach him.

But whatever, he should be focused on what Bad was saying. "He thinks it's funny to prank me all the time," Bad said. "It's not like it bothers me or anything, I just can't tell when he's serious or not," he mumbled before tossing a chip into his mouth. George hummed.

Bad had suggested that they eat lunch together at their apartment before he had to leave for his classes. It was only a small ten minute time window where George got back home from his and

before Bad had to leave, but it has become a custom for the two. Once Bad got back from classes he usually focused on homework and George stayed in his room with Cat. It was what Bad liked to call their “bonding time” which always made the brit smile.

After a few minutes of small talk, Bad brought up the question that he had been dreading. “Is everything with your family alright now?” The older asked, then immediately rushed into the next sentence. “You don’t have to talk about it if it’s sensitive! But I just hope everything is going well, and it probably is if your back home now!” George paused scrolling through twitter to look up at the other.

Oh fuck. There’s another thing to add to the guilty list. 1. *leaving and not saying by to Dream.* 2. *lying to Bad about being a literal criminal.* George internally cringed at the word “criminal”. It’s true but it makes it sound worse than it is. At least he wasn’t the one knocking people out and blowing shit up. But still, he wanted nothing more than to be able to tell him the truth. He knows he wouldn’t turn him in, Bad loves him too much. He would definitely be taken back but he deserves to know the truth, right?

Plus, what happens if he ever finds the money in his room? How was George supposed to explain that? He could always say that it’s will money from a dead family member but if he isn’t already going to hell he would be then.

“Bad-” he began before his phone buzzed once, twice, and then a third time. He eyed the text banner at the top of his screen. What the fuck.

Dream

Don’t tell him

Not yet at least

Also don’t act weird reading this lol

1:37 pm

What. George tried not to look up from his phone too fast. *Where is he?* He subtly gazed into the living room, finding it empty. He let his eyes dart around the kitchen, even though he knew he wouldn’t find anything. *Of course he’s here.*

Dream

He asked you a question

1:37 pm

“Don’t worry,” George said a little too quickly. “Everything is going good now.” He looked up to meet Bad’s eyes. “Thank you for being so patient,” he smiled tensely.

If Bad picked up on his frantic actions, he didn’t mention it. “No worries, I’m just glad everything is okay!”

“Yes, me too. It’s good to be back.”

Bad finished his bag of chips and walked over to throw the plastic away. “What time is it?”

“Uh,” George barely glanced at his phone. “You should get going if you don’t want to be late.” He grabbed Bad’s backpack for him and shoved it into his hands before urging him out the door. “I’ll see you tonight!”

The front door promptly shut and George waited with baited breath until he heard the light footsteps disappear. Once he was sure the other was gone, he practically burst into the living room

and moved down the hall when he didn't see the intruder. He slammed open the door to his bedroom and to no surprise the blond was sitting on his bed, running a hand over Cat.

“George!”

“How.” George met the taller's eye, unsure of how to feel. Okay, at least he didn't have to reach out to him first. He assumed they would end up meeting because of Sapnap but breaking and entering works too.

“Thin walls,” Dream said before looking down at the light colored cat that sat curled up next to him. “You were totally going to tell him the-”

“How did you get in?” George reiterated.

“Oh.” *Oh*, George mocked an American accent in his head. He wasn't necessarily mad, just startled maybe? Knowing the blond this wasn't very unusual. “Your roommate was talking to some other guy in the hallway. I was sitting at the other end of the hall for some time waiting for you to get back, but I saw him leave the door unlocked so I just walked in.”

George suppressed the groan building in his throat. “You can't just walk in, what if he saw you?”

“Well that's why I stayed in here,” Dream stated. “Plus he would probably recognize me as a family member or something from that one time. I could have played along.”

George raised an eyebrow. “That one time?” The blond stayed silent. “Oh that,” he sighed.

“That's kinda what I'm here to talk about.”

“We talked last time though,” George reminded him. “Listen I really want to be friends with you, like before, so can we just move past everything? I know it's kind of-” Dream made a shushing noise and patted the bed, motioning for the shorter to sit down. “Did you just shush me?” George couldn't help but laugh as he took a seat next to the other, taking care to leave some distance.

“I did,” he smiled. “But, last time you talked and I didn't. Which is fine of course! I understand that there was a lot on your mind and now I get why you were upset.” Dream moved his eyes to Cat. He supposes it's only fair after he stole Patches for so many of those awkward conversations.

“I'm feeling better now.” It wasn't a complete lie. “I just needed to get it all out I guess.”

“I get that, but I need to explain some things,” Dream started. “Hopefully this will make things less confusing.” George nodded for the other to continue. “Okay uhm, I'm not sure where to start but I'm sorry for avoiding you. I didn't really know how to deal with everything and that was my awful solution.” Dream made sure to meet the brunet's eyes. “I'm really sorry, I didn't realize at the time how much of a dick move that was.”

Then Dream proceeded to tell George about how he was confused about his sexuality and how after the kiss he felt like he had completely taken advantage of him. Suddenly everything became clearer, and George could see how the other might have worried so much. It still hurt a bit, knowing that Dream had pretty much used him.

“It's okay, I'm not mad anymore. But you should have told me from the very start. I know I was also being an asshole then too, but you should have like, I don't know, just shouted it at me so I understood,” George mumbled. “The second I realized that I liked you I knew I was screwed. I just thought that if I could just keep quiet about my feelings until I left everything would turn out fine,” he admitted. “Which we found out was wrong. Everything turned into a mess.”

“It wasn't your fault though,” Dream reassured him. “I used you and didn't even think of the possibility that you might like me. Yes we were both drunk but I still should have been able to recognize that it was a bad idea.”

“We both kinda fucked up.” George fiddled with the sleeves of his hoodie nervously. “So we're friends, right? We are all good now?” He prayed to God for some stroke of luck that they would be back on normal terms. He can't imagine a life without him, and even if it's simply a platonic relationship, that's good enough. George will get over it eventually.

“Of course, we will always be friends,” Dream said.

“Okay.” George couldn't stop the hint of disappointment that seeped into his voice. “I'm glad we talked about it.” He gave Dream a smile before moving to stand up, the action denied when the taller snatched him by the arm.

“I didn't mean it!” George raised an eyebrow, confused. “Well, no I did, but,” Dream took a deep breath. “George, I was confused because of you. I don't, well I *didn't* think I liked men, but I really, really like you.”

“What?” He was not about to celebrate too soon. Is George only hearing what he wants to hear or did Dream really just say that? That he likes him? How was George supposed to feel about that? He had no idea how he should react.

“I thought I was straight! I don't know right now, I'm still a little confused.” Dream nervously caught the other's eye. “But I know for a fact that I like you.” George stayed silent, his brain attempting to process the information he was just given. “I know after everything you might not still feel the same, but I thought you should at least kn-”

Oh how George didn't want to hear anything else for the rest of his life. The shorter gripped the front of Dream shirt and pressed their lips together for a short moment. It was nothing like the night two weeks ago – the short peck on the lips was better than anything else they had done. Just simply knowing that Dream liked him made it more meaningful than it should have been.

“So I can do that now?” George said, a wide smile taking over his features. He already knew the answer.

The fondness in Dream's eyes was overwhelming. “Yes,” the blond laughed giddily. George surged forward and pressed more small kisses to the other's lips. “You're so cute,” Dream wheezed, making George laugh with him.

“Finally,” George said while the taller brought him in for a hug. “I've wanted to do that for a while.”

“Likewise,” Dream murmured into soft brown hair. It was an awkward angle for a hug, both sitting at the foot of George's bed with their feet touching the floor, but George didn't give a fuck. It felt unbelievable; better than he could have ever imagined.

“Can you say it again?” George's speech was muffled by Dream's shoulder.

“That you're cute or that I like you?” Dream smothered him in compliments and sweet praises until George began to grow flustered.

After a long while, they let go of one another. “So, what does this mean? Are we boyfriends?” George isn't sure why he asked, he could have guessed the answer.

“Georgie's my boyfriend!” Dream chanted, causing Cat to jump from the bed and find a quieter room. Like always, the nickname caused George to blush. “Come here!” Dream practically dragged him up the bed and laid down on top of him, arms still hugging tightly.

“Dream, you're gonna crush me,” George snorted while trying to desperately escape the grip. After a few playful punches from the Brit, Dream rolled onto his side and opened his arms. Accepting the invitation, George shifted into the other's warm embrace. They stayed like that, falling into a comfortable silence. “This is nice,” George mumbled into Dream's neck who hummed in response.

George doesn't think he's ever been happier in his entire life.

Never did he expect to end up here, in Dream's arms. Everything would have been much simpler if they were just straight forward with one another, but it's all behind them now. He supposes the few weeks of confusion and anger paid off in the end. Who knew that joining a criminal group would lead him to lots of money and a boyfriend. George smiled.

“What are you thinking about?”

“I didn't think I would end up here when agreeing to rob a bank with you,” George chuckled.

“I'm not even going to lie, I have liked you since the start. Out of everyone in your coding class, I picked you because you looked the cutest.” George's smile grew larger.

“I thought you said that you picked me because I'm short.”

“Oh so you admit it! That you're short!” George could feel Dream's entire body shake with laughter. After he calmed his laughing, the blond began tracing shapes onto George's back. “Listen I know we just started dating like half an hour ago but hear me out.”

“Oh no.”

“Oh come on now,” Dream snickered. “Since Techno had first mentioned the heist and how much money we could potentially get, I have had this idea.” Dream's voice grew softer as he continued. “I want to live a more normal life. Before I met you, I wanted to get my own apartment and get a job. Back then I obviously didn't know exactly how much money we would get out of the bank but I knew it would be way more than enough to get myself started.”

He lifted his hand off of George's back for a moment and motioned to the corner of the room. George guessed that he was looking at the opened envelope full of money. The hand soon returned to absentmindedly draw figures on the brunet's clothed skin.

“You're on your last year of college. What if after you graduate, and things between us are still going strong, we get an apartment together?” George could tell this little idea meant a lot to the other. It was touching. “I know we just lived together for a whole month but it would be different now that we are dating. I think it would be good to start off separate and then move in later. To take it slow and see where we end up, you know? It's just a suggestion.”

It seemed like Dream had really thought about the idea for a while and honestly George would want nothing more than to move in with him. “I really like that idea,” he said.

“Really?” A hint of something between joy and surprise was notable in Dream's voice. “Well I'm glad then. Also,” George could feel the warm air from the other's breath fan across the top of his head, “you just left.” Dream used a lighter tone, but it was obvious that he was still slightly hurt. “I thought you would have wanted to say goodbye, even if we would still see each other.”

Okay ouch, George had momentarily forgotten about that part. “Yeah, that was my fault. I knew it would make you upset, I just didn't know if I could deal with it. I didn't want to start sobbing or something like that, I'm sorry.”

“That's alright, I was just a little confused since you said bye to Sap.” Dream stopped tracing his finger over the other's back and instead hugged him tighter. The familiar feeling of guilt crashed through George.

“I guess I'm not the sneakiest person. I was trying to leave without waking anyone up, of course he heard me,” George recalled the events. “I could barely keep it together when I said bye to him. I knew I wouldn't be able to with you though. He tried to get me to stay until you woke up.”

“You know, I think even Techno was a little disappointed.”

“Your lying,” George said doubtfully.

“I'm not,” Dream crowed. “He didn't say anything, but I saw him look into your room when he saw that the door was open and everything was gone.” That is honestly the last thing George expected to hear. It made his heart hurt... but almost in a good way. He finally found a larger group of friends. He loves Bad to death but because of their schedules they don't have much time to hang out. He's never one to make friends but Dream and Sapnap dragged him with them, pretty much forcing him to make friends and he couldn't be more thankful for that.

“Thank you, Dream.” George wrapped his arms around the taller, squeezing him back. For a moment he tried to conceal the tears that began to form. *Fuck it, he wont care.* “Seriously, thank you so much,” he managed to get out as a tear escaped the corner of his eye. It was a staggering stream of emotions all trying to get out at once. “Thank you, thank you.” George tucked his head into Dream's neck just a little more. In return, the blond ran a hand through the other's hair.

This, right here, is where he belonged and he had no plans of moving anytime soon.

“I'm happy,” George choked out. It was like finding the last piece to a puzzle. The feelings of relief and joy were welcomed. He didn't feel empty anymore, but instead like he found some sort of purpose. As cliche as it sounds, George had found the light to his life.

George is happy, truly happy. He knew that if he were to fall asleep right now, he wouldn't wake up alone. There would be someone there, someone who cares for him, right there next to him.

“I'm so happy Dream.” This time, it wasn't a lie. “Thank you.”

Chapter End Notes

this is officially the end of Keep Quiet!

now just a few things I want to say

yup, short chapter for the end, but there wasn't a whole lot I wanted to say. they needed to fix things, which they did, and then they got together. simple as that. a lot of stories continue after they start dating/get together, but I think the end goal of this fic (for me at least) was for gogy to finally find happiness, and he did that. maybe this chapter seemed a bit rushed, I'm not quite sure, but having them fix things and get together all

in one chapter was one of the few ideas that stayed the same.

i plan on making minor edits to chapters that i disliked and i might add chapter titles, so if you see "updates" that will be why.

believe it or not (though you probably do LMAO), i had no idea at all where this story was going. this was my first multi chapter story and third story ever. i don't remember what the original idea was, but it was more about the mafia which obv didn't happen, but i really like the way this turned out. the only notes i ever wrote for this were awful sentences. here is an example that i literally copied and pasted:

this hwole time dre felt bad because he wasn't sure if he was gay or not yada yada make sure to say that he didn't even realize this whole time what it meant to actually like gogy. Long story short he feels like he used him to figure it out and felt bad afterwards.

SO YEAH THATS HOW I "PLANNED" CHAPTERS AHJTDHSHT

but anyways, thank you guys so so much for all of the support. this was something fun that i wanted to do in my spare time (even though i have little of it AJDSGHD) and never expected it to go somewhere. my original goal with this story was 400 kudos and holy shit you guys blew me away. thank you, it means the world to me. love you guys a whole lot, stay safe out there!

EDIT FROM LIKE THREE MONTHS LATER (totally not self promo): if you enjoyed this i have another story im working on now and looking back it is much... better than this one? i think, personally, my writing has improved A LOT so yeah its the train track one LMAO ANYWAYS BYE

<3 Ackeshi

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!